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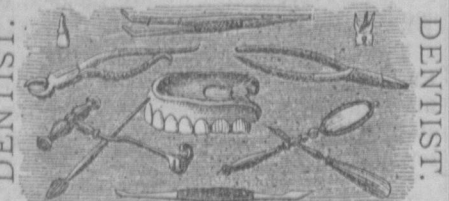
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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

NUMBER 20.

POETRY.

THE SADDEST FATE.

To touch a broken lute,  
To strike a jangled string,  
To strive with tones forever mute  
The dear old song to sing,—  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
Alas! dear child, ne'er to sing at all!

To sigh for pleasures flown,  
To weep for withered flowers;  
To count the blessings we have known,  
Lost with the vanished hours,—  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
Alas! dear child, ne'er to have known them all!

To dream of love and rest,  
To know the dream has past,  
To bear within an aching breast  
Only a void at last,—  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
Alas! dear child, never to hope at all!

To trust an unknown good,  
To hope, but all in vain;  
To have a far-off bliss to brood,  
Only to find it pain,—  
What sadder fate could any heart befall?  
Alas! dear child, never to hope at all!

—The Abtine.

STORE TELLER.

BRAVE.

One or two young men came out of  
the academy of music when the opera  
was over, and lingered in the lobby to  
watch the passing of the crowd.  
Young Fred Sautler came up to them  
while putting his pearl lorgnette in its  
case.

"Nice house, eh?" he cried, laugh-  
ingly. "Well dressed. See Fanny  
Swan. Wretched taste for young girls  
to wear diamonds! What do you think  
of the new tenor, eh? Miserable, I  
say."

The older men answered him civilly,  
and walked on, leaving him with some  
lads of his own age.

"What would Miss Swan say if she  
heard that young cub criticizing her?"  
said Dr. Pomeroy. "The most insur-  
ferable creature in the world to me is  
a conceited boy assuming the tone of  
a man of position when he has not yet  
proved his right to be alive."

"I thought young Sautler had money,"  
said one of the party. "He drives  
a fine horse, wears clothes made by a  
better tailor than I can afford, and  
lunches at the best restaurant."

"Money!" said the doctor angrily.  
"Why, his father is head book-keeper  
for Smiles & Son, with a family of six.  
He strained every nerve to educate his  
boy, who now looks upon every prac-  
tical way of earning his living as plebeian.  
I will warrant you the fellow never had  
twenty cents in his pocket of his own  
earning. His restaurant and liv-  
erly stable bills come in to his poor old  
father at the end of the month."

Meanwhile, young Sautler stood,  
complacently twirling his opera hat  
and watching the pretty girls as they  
passed. He caught a glimpse of his  
lapper little figure in a great mirror—  
the waxed mustache, lavender gloves,  
wired roses in his button-hole, and  
looked pityingly after the doctor and  
his friends.

"How those fellows must envy us!"  
he said. "Wine, with life in its spark-  
le, and dregs, eh? Oh, by the way, I  
saw a curious thing to-day! Dick  
Knight—you remember Knight in our  
class, who took the scientific course to  
fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it  
appears that, times being so hard, he  
could get no proper work to do, so he  
has taken to improper. Instead of ly-  
ing by as I have done, waiting quietly  
for an opening for an educated man to  
step into, he actually is—I'm ashamed  
to tell it."

"What? What is he?" asked his  
visitor.

"Driving an engine on the Central  
road."

"Fact! I saw him all grimy with  
smoke in his little caboose to-day.  
'Good heavens,' I said: 'Knight are  
you mad?'"

"Not so mad as to starve," he said,  
laughing.

"I asked him why his father did not  
support him and keep him from such  
degradation. Then he was mad."

"Do you think I, with my big,  
strong body, will be a burden to an  
old man?" he said, and began to talk  
nonsense about laziness, degrading a  
man, and that no man was ever de-  
graded by honest work, with more of  
the same sort of trash, all very ridicu-  
lous and very disgraceful. You'll see  
him to-night, if you take the 11 o'clock  
train."

"Tut! tut!" the lads said, and  
"Poor Knight! he was a good fellow!"  
precisely as if he were dead.

Indeed, from the light and brilliancy  
of the scene about them—the music,  
the beautiful, low-voiced women, them-  
selves daintily attired, that gay and  
happy part of the world—there was a  
gulf like death to the grimy engine  
driver in the dark depot, a gulf which  
none but a mad-man would willingly  
cross, they thought. They sauntered  
out of the opera house and at a few  
minutes before eleven reached the de-  
pot, in time to take the train that ran  
out to the suburban town where they  
lived.

"There he is!" whispered Sautler.

"He takes our train out, but the engine  
is not yet put to it."  
The engine was on a siding, puffing  
and spitting little jets of steam, and  
Dick Knight, a tall, manly young fel-  
low, was coming at the moment from  
the superintendent's room. He caught  
sight of his old classmates, laughed,  
hesitated, and raised his hand to his  
hat.

"Going to speak to him, hey?" said  
little Billy McGee, anxiously.

The young men grew red and em-  
barrassed. Some of them nodded to  
Knight awkwardly, and seemed in-  
clined to go and meet him.

"I say no!" said Sautler, peremptor-  
ily. "If he chooses to leave the com-  
panionship of gentlemen I shall not  
follow him. I talk to mechanics and  
that sort of people who never had a  
chance to be anything better, but  
Knight is a social suicide, sir!"

"That's true," said McGee. "How  
well Sautler puts things!" he added,  
aside. "Social suicide! Well, I shall  
not bring him to life."

Knight saw that the young men  
wished to avoid him, and turned aside  
with a bow and heightened color, while  
they hurried into the train.

It was five minutes until the time of  
starting. The train of passengers was  
on the main track (the engine still be-  
ing detached,) and the people were  
hurrying in, most of them coming di-  
rect from theaters and other places of  
amusement. Inside of the cars and in  
the depot there was a good deal of jest-  
ing and gaiety between acquaintances  
meeting on their way home, the train  
being a local one, and running only  
through suburban villages.

Just then, a short distance from the  
track was a hiss and a cry of horror.  
"A runaway train on the main track!"  
Passengers in the depot! Out of the  
cars! out of the cars!

A runaway freight train was on the  
track. The fireman had started it for  
the purpose of taking it into the freight  
depot. By some accident before it had  
left the main passenger track, the man  
had stumbled as he was at work, and  
had fallen nearly upon the ground.  
Half-stunned, he had jumped up, but  
could not catch the moving engine,  
which was gaining speed every second,  
and had shrieked out his warning.

It so happened that the switch tend-  
er, through fright, or for some unex-  
plained cause, did not move his switch  
in season to run the train off the main  
track, and now the huge machine, with  
its train behind, was rushing toward  
the train in the depot with a speed that  
promised fatal disaster.

The few officials who were near had  
time to but gaze with horror. At the  
moment when the cry of danger was  
shrieked out upon the night air, Dick  
Knight was attaching his engine to the  
passenger train. From the cars and  
platform rose a yell of frantic terror,  
in which Sautler's voice was the high-  
est. Death seemed rushing upon the  
people, who had not time to get out of  
the cars before the driving train would  
be upon them.

The officials in the depot watched  
Knight with blanched faces.

"He'll be crushed to atoms!" mut-  
tered one stout old gentleman, stand-  
ing by Dr. Pomeroy.

But Dick had put steam upon his en-  
gine. Apparently he did not think of  
leaving his post. There he stood with  
his hand upon the lever, calm and de-  
termined.

His huge machine sprang forward.  
It met the coming locomotive with a  
crash that threw both monsters up-  
ward, as if they had risen to wrestle  
and throw each other. Then Dick's  
engine was thrown one side, but the  
force of the runaway train was over-  
come, and the machinery of the en-  
gine so injured that all movement was  
stopped. Dick was hurled senseless  
several feet from the place of collision.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomeroy,  
with all the other men in the depot,  
ran to Knight, picked him up, and car-  
ried him into the waiting room where  
he was left with the physicians.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman,  
impatiently, as Dr. Pomeroy came out.  
"How is it? Will he live?"

"I think so. God forbid that I should  
have to take him home dead to his  
poor old father!"

"You know him, then? Who is he?"  
Why, do you know what I owe him?"  
and his voice broke. "My little girl is  
aboard that train."

Dr. Pomeroy told Knight's history  
briefly, informing the old gentleman  
that he was thoroughly educated, but  
that he looked upon any work as bet-  
ter than dependent idleness.

"He's the true grit, sir!" was the  
animated reply. "There's no work so  
humble that a man cannot show the  
best qualities of manhood in it as we  
have seen to-night. It is not the dar-  
ing courage I approve in him so much  
as the presence of mind, the keen eye,  
to see what to do and how to do it.  
Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to  
call on me at ten to-morrow," he said  
to the station master.

"Who is that?" asked Fred Sautler,  
breathlessly, of the official.

"The president of the road. Dick  
Knight, if he lives, has an open road  
to fortune now, and he deserves it."

Fred Sautler crept into the car to go  
home. His lavender gloves were  
soiled, and the wired rose in his but-  
ton-hole was falling to pieces, with a  
sickly decayed smell. Life itself was  
sickly and decayed, he thought with a  
yawn, and he threw the wilted rose out  
of the window. Yes; to all con-  
coited, effeminate natures, like his, it is  
likely to prove what Sautler's imagina-  
tion pictured it that night.

MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

MR. BUNBY TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO MRS. B.  
THE INNER MYSTERIES OF A PRINTING  
OFFICE.

It was an exceedingly cold night and  
Mr. and Mrs. Bunby hugged the stove  
closely, he passing the time reading a  
paper and she sitting looking into the  
fire.

Without any preface whatever she  
dropped the poker. With so much  
force did it strike the hearth that Mr.  
Bunby stopped his reading abruptly,  
and looked over the top of his spec-  
tacles inquiringly.

Mrs. B. had a happy thought; quick-  
ly it was transmitted to Mr. B.

"John," said she, "you remember  
sometime ago you promised to tell  
me how newspapers are made."

"Yes, yes; but some other time, love."  
"No, now, please, John."

Again he tried to content her with a  
promise, but it was of no avail; she  
wanted to know, then, just "how pa-  
pers are put together."

He hesitated. The longer he hesi-  
tated the more impatient she grew, and  
he felt it. Seeing that a postpone-  
ment was of no avail, he heaved a long  
sigh, laid aside his paper, and reluc-  
tantly began to unravel for his wife's  
edification the "inner life of a newspaper."

"In the first place," said he, "the  
copy is sent to the composing room."

"Where does the copy come from?"  
she queried.

"From the editors and reporters, of  
course."

"Oh, I see."

"Then it is given to the type-set-  
ters—"

"What do they do, sit on it?"

"No—thunder, no; they are the com-  
positors who set it up."

"Oh, they compose the copy, and  
then set it up. But how does it sit?"

He drew another long sigh and  
calmly replied:

"The editors compose the copy, then  
send it to the composing room, and  
the type-setters put it in type."

"What! the copy?"

"Yes; they set the types up so that  
they will read as the copy reads."

"Oh, I see."

A pause ensued.

"John," said Mrs. Bunby, "you stop-  
ped at the compositors setting the  
type. What do they set the type in?"

"In a stick."

"A stick! What kind of a stick?"

"Oh, a stick is a device that is just  
the width of the columns of the paper,  
and holds seventeen lines of brevier?"

"And what is brevier?"

"A kind of type that is pleasing to  
the eye and easily read."

"Oh, I see."

"When they get a stick full of type,  
as I was about to say, they empty it  
on a galley—"

"And in throwing it upon a galley  
don't it go all apart?"

"No, they lift it from the stick, and  
place it gently, very gently, on a gal-  
ley—"

"And what is a galley?"

"A long article made of brass, in  
which the matter is proved—"

"What kind of matter, and how do  
they prove it?"

"Will you wait a moment? if so, I  
will try and explain—but give me  
time," he said, nettled at her cross-ex-  
amination.

"All right, go on."

"Type, when it is set up is called  
'matter,' and when the first impression  
of it is taken, they call it—"

"Impression of what?"

"Oh, bother—the type! when it is  
first printed on the galley, that is, called  
a proof, and they call it 'proving  
the matter.'"

"Oh, I see. Does the galley print it?"

"No, the devil!"

"Oh! John!" she cried in tones of  
reproach. "Why will you use such  
words?"

"I was not swearing. The appren-  
tice around a printing office is known  
as 'the devil.'"

"Oh!"

"The proof sheet which he makes  
after going to the proof-reader, is re-  
turned to the printers and the correc-  
tions are made."

"Corrections made in what?"

"The matter, my dear. It is then  
given to the foreman."

"What, the proof?"

"No, the matter."

"And what does he do with it?"

"Will you wait a minute?"

"The foreman takes the matter and  
places it in the form."

"What kind of a form?"

"An iron chase, which, when it has  
all the news in it which is in type, and  
it is locked up, is called a form."

"Locked up! How?"

"With quoins and side-sticks."

"Sticks and coins—ha, ha, ha—what  
kind of coins?"

"Not coins, but quoins, q-u-o-i-n-s."

"And what are they?"

"Goodness gracious, any more ques-  
tions? A quoin," he resumed, "is a  
small block and is wedged in between  
the chase and side-sticks with a shoot-  
ing-stick."

"A shooting-stick! How does it  
shoot?"

"Shoots the quoins into place with  
the aid of a mallet."

She did not quite understand, but  
saw by the white of his eye that it  
would not be well to question him too  
much, so she bided her time and he  
went on.

"Sometimes the matter is 'pied'—"

"How's that?"

"Why, when some type is knocked  
over or dropped on the floor, it is use-  
less, and is called by the fraternity  
'pi.'"

He thought he had gotten through,  
but the irrepressible wife continued:

"Where do they make the form up?"

"On 'the stone,' was the rejoinder.

"What kind of a stone—a round one?"

No, a flat one—a piece of level  
marble."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, when the form is made up, it  
is put on the printing machine and  
the edition goes to press."

"What do they press the papers for?"

"They don't press the papers; press  
means printing; and after they are  
printed, they are circulated throughout  
the city."

"Oh, I see." After waiting some  
little time for him to continue, Mrs.  
Bunby asked, "Is that all?"

"Thank heaven, yes!" he grumbled  
from behind the paper he had resum-  
ed. Silence followed. He read on  
undisturbed for fully an hour. His  
wife, having gained her hold on the po-  
ker, was occupied in twirling it, at the  
same time murmuring, while looking  
intently at the ashes: "Types, matter,  
galley, proofs, devils, coins, presses."

THE GOPHER OF KANSAS.

BALDWIN CITY, Kan., April 20, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. S. B. Wyck-  
off desires to renew his subscription  
to your valuable paper, for which you  
will find enclosed the sum of one dol-  
lar and a half. He said he would have  
continued his subscription for the  
JOURNAL another year from the time  
his first subscription expired had he  
known for certain whether he would  
live here permanently. He had been  
living with his son, George L. Wyck-  
off, who is a teacher and the acting  
superintendent of the Kansas Institu-  
tion for a very short time. He is now  
living on his 160-acre farm with Mr.  
G. W. Harrison, who rents it. The  
latter is a deaf-mute, and came from  
Iowa last fall. He likes Kansas ex-  
ceedingly well. All his neighbors  
about here say he has done a great  
amount of work this spring. His plow-  
ing is all done, and his crops put in  
in good season. On Tuesday he shot a  
sleek little gopher. It was not *The*  
*Gopher* that was born in the Minne-  
sota Institution, for that one died long  
ago. The one he shot was a pocket  
gopher. After having picked it up  
and looking wistfully at it, he asked  
Mr. Wyckoff what kind of an animal  
that was. He said he never saw a  
Kansas gopher nor any other kind be-  
fore. I told him that was not so, and  
then asked him about *The Gopher*  
from Minnesota. After making these  
remarks, he acknowledged that he had  
seen one, but it was not of the kind he  
meant, as it had no fur and no pocket.  
At this Mrs. Harrison and myself  
could not help laughing.

The fruit-growers have great pros-  
pects for a large crop of apples next  
fall. Mr. Wyckoff thinks he will have  
an unusually large crop.

Emigrants have, of late, been pour-  
ing in in large numbers, some for the  
purpose of taking up Kansas lands and  
others to move farther west to reach  
the gold mines in Leadville, Col. But  
the colored emigrants, or exodists, as  
they are called, make this State their  
destination. I believe that among  
them are many colored mutes, but have  
not seen any as yet. I have seen a  
few at the Kansas Institution, and they  
are the first colored mutes I ever wit-  
nessed. They look like black sheep  
among white ones. I do not say this  
to disparage the African race, for I  
have been nearly black myself. The  
subscriber desires to see this publish-  
ed in the next number of the JOURNAL.

OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE.

William R. Hutton, who is but nine  
years of age, was brought before Judge  
Young yesterday for incorrigible con-  
duct toward his parents, both of whom  
are deaf-mutes. The father appeared  
in court with his little daughter, who,  
with the boy, can both hear and speak  
English and also understand the sign  
language. The father communicated  
with the court by means of writing.  
His Honor, wishing to give the boy  
another chance, gave him a lecture  
and allowed him to go home with his  
father.—*Cleveland Leader*.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—My last letter re-  
corded events up to April 19th. I will  
now continue.

The hymn rendered by the female  
choir on Sunday afternoon, April 20th,  
was "Saviour! teach me, day by day,"  
and was pantomimed in a most beau-  
tiful and expressive manner. These  
frequent efforts are making the young  
ladies of the first class quite proficient  
in the language of signs, while at the  
same time they are improving mental-  
ly.

Thursday afternoon, April 24th,  
Professor Jenkins, instructor of the  
High Class, accompanied by his first  
division, visited the new Museum of  
Natural History, lately erected on  
Eighth avenue and Seventy-sixth street  
opposite Central Park. The pupils  
closely examined the various objects  
with much interest and were well plea-  
sed with the visit, as also with the ob-  
ject explanations, on the various ob-  
jects, given by their instructor. This  
was particularly the case in regard to  
the fossils and relics of prehistoric  
man, which have been collected in the  
museum from various quarters of the  
globe.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 25th,  
the members of the High Class launch-  
ed their boat, *Evangeline*. Looking  
at it in its new coat of paint, it would  
be difficult to believe that it has seen  
twelve years' service. Yet such is the  
fact if we are to believe the oldest pup-  
il among us. If the boat had a tongue  
it might tell many pleasant stories  
of the personages whom it has borne on  
the placid waters of the Hudson.

The second division of the High  
Class took their turn in visiting the  
Museum of Natural History on the af-  
ternoon of April 30th. A very pleas-  
ant time was spent in viewing the vari-  
ous objects of interest. Those which  
attracted special attention were vari-  
ous weapons and ornaments from Zu-  
zuland. The interest in these was  
heightened by the comments now be-  
ing given by the newspapers on the  
manners, customs, &c., of the inhabi-  
tants of that country.

Mr. George Stinson, the head super-  
visor of the boys, resigned his posi-  
tion May 1st. Mr. S. was a kind and  
truly Christian gentleman, and his de-  
parture is deeply regretted by most  
of the pupils, who had learned to es-  
teem and respect him for his many  
good qualities. The boys are now un-  
der the supervision of Messrs. E. J.  
Halliey, J. Blackstock, and W. F. How-  
ell, and very good order has been main-  
tained by these gentlemen. Messrs.  
Halliey and Howell are deaf-mutes.  
What I said on this subject in a for-  
mer letter was not intended as a re-  
flection upon Mr. Stinson, nor upon  
the superintendent, who has excellent  
administrative ability, and is devoted  
to the best interests of the institution.  
I intended to give expression to the  
advantage which, in my opinion, at-  
taches to employing deaf-mutes in the  
position of supervisors, and, in my  
zeal, wrote carelessly, which I regret.

The first of our summer exhibitions  
will be held on the 9th of May, in the  
Broadway Tabernacle, Thirty-fourth  
street and Broadway. The system of  
holding public exercises in the city  
was inaugurated last year, and they  
have proved so popular that they may  
become annual affairs. In connection  
with this subject I should like to ask  
"W" on what does he base his asser-  
tion that "many of those who take part  
in the exhibitions received a large por-  
tion of their education elsewhere."

Such an assertion is preposterous, for  
the programme of the last exhibition  
of this institution, held June 26th, 1878,  
shows that the exhibition consisted  
mostly of deaf-mute classes who could  
not possibly have been educated else-  
where. The programme further shows  
that only two classes of semi-mutes  
were among those who took part in  
the exercises, the remaining exercises  
being by congenital mutes. The tone  
of "W's" remarks would seem to imply  
that either himself or some one related  
to him has not made sufficient advance-  
ment to deserve public exhibition, and  
hence the attempt at deriding exhibi-  
tions which are equalled by few insti-  
tutions in the country. If "W" wishes  
to continue the discussion on this sub-  
ject our friend, Mr. Joel Slocum, has  
intimated to us that he will be very  
happy to reply to him.

I have noticed the articles of "Fair  
Play" and "Uncle Jim" upon the re-  
lative merits and demerits of Mr. Mi-  
chael McPaul in relation to his hold-  
ing the title of champion short-distance  
runner of the New York Institution.  
Being interested in the matter, I will  
add a few points which will enable the  
reader who reasons for himself to come  
to a satisfactory solution of the ques-  
tion "Who is right?" Whoever "Fair  
Play" may be, he must be aware of the  
fact that if Mr. McPaul does not de-



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## COURTING PUPILS--THE MIXED DEAF-MUTE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

This article is designed not so much for a lecture as for a few practical hints, but our readers are at liberty to appropriate it under the former head if in any of their particular cases it becomes them better.

To quite a large extent, in our deaf-mute schools, the pastime of "courting" is carried on between the pupils at all stages of life from early youth to the day that graduates are conferred with diplomas and self-conceited womanhood and arrogant manhood bid affectionate adieus to their *alma mater*, with their parchments in their pockets and self-presumption in their heads, to launch forth into the responsibilities of connubial bliss, financial perplexities, and the ills and heart-aches which go hand in hand with added years and accumulating responsibilities.

At what particular age school courtship among deaf-mutes first makes its appearance no authentic history has yet recorded, nor has it yet become a settled fact that Cupid has any particular mathematical regard for either days or years, nor does age enter into the question of when his adored majesty is welcomed with "outstretched arms and gushing hearts," but one fact is self-apparent--that courting is carried on in a small way by juvenile pupils and on a more enlarged plan by those more advanced in years. This courting among deaf-mute pupils crops out in winking and blinking, in surreptitious snatches of "sweet" conversation while the teacher's back is where his eyes ought to be, in the exchange of "tender missives," in clandestine promenades, and in a thousand and one different ways too well known to the pupils and too little suspected by the professors and pedagogues, who, in some cases, pay too little attention to the task of teaching their pupils how to "shoot" ideas, needed at the time being, and allow them too much scope for practicing the art, easily acquired by that kind of pupils, of shooting Cupid's darts from boys to girls and vice versa.

We would not desire to check or reverse the laws of nature in matters involving the tender passion designated as disinterested love between the two sexes, but we may presume to say that an unreasonable amount of "puppy love" flirtation, and indiscriminate coquetry absorbs a large proportion of the time and much of the thinking faculties of the pupils of our deaf-mute schools. We are not sure that any of the teachers of deaf-mute children set too many examples before them which have a tendency to foster in them a propensity for youthful courting and baneful flirting, but we may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying that we incline to the opinion that many, very many, of them are not quite peccators enough in guarding against these little evils in school, where the training should be conducted in a manner having a direct bearing towards building up characters which represent substantial manhood and womanhood. Love, courtship, and marriage are matters of vital importance, but the insipid flirtations of childhood in deaf-mute schools, as permitted in most of them and discouraged in few, if any of them, is a burlesque on deaf-mutism, a delusion and a snare to more advanced pupilage, and can result in no good to the coming deaf-mute man and deaf-mute woman.

Our counsel, then, to our deaf-mute pupil friends is to employ less time in courtships while at school and to improve every available moment of time, necessary recreation of course excepted, in storing their minds with useful knowledge and in developing resources which will fit them for future usefulness and the enjoyment of cultivated manhood and womanhood.

There is another point to which we wish briefly to call the attention of these friends of ours, and we will simply suggest what follows, lest some of our pupil friends think us meddling. We refer to the much mooted question of intermarriage among the deaf and dumb. This subject has been discussed, at great length, by many able writers and close observers, whose views are so much at variance one with another that, to all appearances, it is no more satisfactorily settled than it was at the beginning of the argument. The result is that the observations and conclusions of one man in this matter may be as good as another's (sometimes better), and, although we do not claim to be undisputed authority on the subject, we still have as much faith in our own observations of this kind as in those of anyone else. Observation, as far as we are able to judge of the matter, has convinced us that in the case of intermarriage between the deaf and dumb the progeny of such persons are no more liable to be born deaf than are the children of hearing parents. We know of many families, at home and abroad, our own included, the fathers and mothers of which are both deaf and dumb, and in many cases both the fathers and mothers of many of these families are natural deaf-mutes, and in none of such families is there a surplus of born deaf children, which goes to prove that intermarriage of the deaf has nothing whatever to do with the reproduction and increase of our deaf population. In our humble opinion, the intermarriage of the deaf, whether natural or acquired, bears no relation to the production of deaf-mute offspring. Taking this view of the subject, we confidently and in all sincerity suggest to our unmarried deaf-mute friends that whenever practicable for them to intermarry with each other, instead of marrying hearing mates, they will, other circumstances being reasonably favorable, lay the foundation for happy lives and the enjoyment of a large share of domestic felicity. In substantiation of this opinion, we might refer our readers to many "family jars" resulting from tastes and temperaments totally at variance between hearing husbands and deaf wives and between deaf husbands and hearing wives. We freely admit, however, that this rule has a few noble exceptions. A single proof of uneven matches of this kind, and some of the bad fruits, consequent upon these mixed marriages, is the case of Sweet, recently, at Whitehall, N. Y., as published elsewhere in our columns. This, to be sure, is only one instance, but there are numerous others of a somewhat similar character, though with less terrible results. Our advice then (for no more nor less than its worth) to deaf-mutes, after having been well educated at school, and having financially prepared themselves for the responsibilities consequent upon marriage, by providing comfortable homes, is to marry people of their own class, the results of which are more likely to prove conducive to happiness and comfort than if they marry hearing mates.

## CHURCH WORK AMONG DEAF-MUTES.

The Rev. John Chamberlain has been for several weeks very busy in church work among deaf-mutes. On Sunday, March 30th, he was in Allentown, Pa.; on April 6th and 13th (the latter being Easter Sunday) he was in Baltimore; on April 20th and May 4th he was in Philadelphia. When the rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York, is absent, he conducts the services for deaf-mutes there.

On Sunday afternoon, May 4th, at St. Ann's Church, New York, Bishop Potter confirmed 45 persons, seven of whom were deaf-mutes.

## A CHALLENGE.

I hereby challenge any man in this village, under 23 years of age, to run 100 yards for a gold medal, the race to come off within two weeks from this date. STEPHEN SINGLAI, Mexico, N. Y., May 12, 1879.

## WANTED.

Two girls are wanted at Boyd's Hotel in this village.

## A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

MAY 18th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 18th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson--Zechariah viii.

2d Lesson--Acts viii, v. 5.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday after Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 18th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson--Zechariah x.

2d Lesson--1. Thessalonians iv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fifth Sunday after Easter.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

All well at the Kentucky Institution.

The West Virginia Institution closes June 5th.

A new barn is to be put up at the Michigan Institution.

A May-day holiday is on the tapis for the pupils of the Wisconsin Institution.

Two walking mania has penetrated the quiet circles of the Wisconsin Institution.

One hundred pounds of maple sugar were lately received at the Wisconsin Institution.

Rev. and Mrs. Faville, of Janesville, formerly of Delavan, lately visited the Wisconsin Institution.

Rev. A. W. Mann held two services at Delaware, O., on Sunday, May 4th, that were very well attended.

The principal of the West Virginia Institution has lately been to Washington on important business, not yet made public.

Mrs. Irene Blood, of the Michigan Institution, has been confirmed by Bishop Gillespie a member of St. Paul's Church in Flint.

Hos. M. Giles, of Madison, visited the Wisconsin Institution a few days ago. The officers and pupils were well pleased with his visit.

The Tablet of May 5th contains an article of a meritorious kind, written by one of the blind pupils, on the farming and grazing merits of West Virginia.

The Michigan Legislature is discussing the subject of an institution for the education of the blind separate from that of the institution for the deaf and dumb.

At a confirmation by Bishop Jaggard, of Southern Ohio, at St. Peter's Church, Delaware, on Sunday, May 4th, a member of Rev. A. W. Mann's mission was confirmed.

James Benninger, graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, has a wife and one daughter, is an industrious man, and works for his father-in-law on a farm in West Nicholson.

George Smith, the tailor at the West Virginia Institution, with the aid of his dog, killed a black snake measuring thirty-two inches in length and about six in circumference.

Hos. E. D. Holton and wife, of Milwaukee, recently visited the Wisconsin Institution, of which Mr. Holton is one of the trustees and in which he takes a deep interest.

Mrs. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Montrose, Pa., (graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution) were greatly grieved at the loss of their five-months-girl, who died April 18th.

Mrs. Russell Smith, employed in the Watkins (N. Y.) Democrat office, would be pleased to receive calls for a few minutes' chat from any of our readers at the Watkins Democrat office.

Mrs. Kate E. Barry, a teacher at the Michigan Institution, has lately been at her home, in Monroe, to attend the wedding of her sister, Miss Lillie Barry, and Mr. J. D. Bonan, a prominent lawyer of Monroe.

CAN any of our readers give J. N. Austin, of Montrose, Seneca County, Pa., the address of Jacob Hamerly, formerly of Rock Island, Ill? If so, please send the information to J. N. Austin or to the JOURNAL office.

Mrs. A. L. Clark, sister of Norris, of Unadilla Forks, N. Y., with her little sons, lately visited at Mr. French's, at Binghamton, and her parents, brothers, and sister, besides other relatives and friends, at Bridgeport, N. Y.

J. N. Austin, of Montrose, Pa., lives seven miles from Hop Bottom station, on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and would like to have Prof. Job Turner, if he passes over that road, make him a visit.

Surv. Ray, assisted by James F. Haskins, Lowie Kline, Mary Pickard and Bulah Strong, pupils, gave an illustrated exposition of the methods of deaf-mute instruction at the Goodale St. Church last Wednesday evening. *Mute's Chronicle*.

A couple of the girls at the Wisconsin Institution, "mild" with the walking mania, undertook a matched race, but, after making a few extraordinary laps (for them), abandoned the track, concluding that it was "too many oats for a shilling."

Rev. A. W. Mann left home on Friday morning for Jackson, Mich., where, after holding a service, he expects to meet Rev. Dr. Gallaudet on the night express, and accompany him to the first of the series of appointments, at Michigan City, on Friday.

L. D. Waite, graduate of the Ohio Institution, has been commissioned Notary Public. We presume Mr. Waite is a smart young man, but it looks some as if the State of Ohio is hard up for Notary Public timber when it has to resort to the deaf and dumb for that kind of office-holders.

DOUBTLESS, when the pupils exhibit such manifestations of joy at the near approach of vacation, they forget the tedious examinations that must precede, and the 10th of June when they will tremblingly ascend the platform to make a public exhibition of their worldly wisdom. *Deaf-Mute Press*.

In an article headed "Watkins Correspondence," from our talented correspondent Russell Smith, which is published in our columns of to-day's paper, our deaf-mute readers will find much to interest and instruct them in regard to that far-famed summer resort for invalids and pleasure-seekers.

Hos. E. D. Holton, of Milwaukee, lately lectured to the pupils of the Wisconsin Institution on "Mexico," describing his recent trip there, and what he saw of the appearance of the country and the manners and customs of the people. The pupils were greatly delighted with the very interesting lecture.

Quite a party of the older girls of the Institution visited the new capitol building yesterday under the escort of Mr. Weeks. They were very politely shown all over the building, and enjoyed the visit very much. They were especially delighted with the magnificent view from the dome. It is unequalled by any other view in Hartford. *Daily News, May 7th*.

Rev. Thomas B. Berry, of Omro, recently spent a Sunday at the Wisconsin Institution. In the afternoon he lectured to the pupils, and in the evening he held services for their special benefit in the Episcopal Church. Mr. Berry was once a teacher in the Doncaster, Eng., school, afterwards in the Maryland Institution, and later in the New York Institution.

RACINE, Wis., has, says J. E. Tuttle, seven deaf-mutes. Mr. Tuttle sold 4,000 of his best chronos there in three and a half weeks. He says people everywhere are very fond of his chronos. Mr. Tuttle informs us, also, that he has bought another dog, that it can talk, and play tricks better than any dog in Rockford, Ill., and that its name is "Don Dog," of course his dog business is of interest to all who are troubled with "dog on the brain." By way of palliating those not especially interested in the "dog" question, Mr. Tuttle adds that his boy can hear and speak, and that he is happy. What child could fail to be happy with a "rat" dog and a common cur to play with?

The Tennessee Institution closes June 9th for vacation.

The young deaf-mutes of Baltimore have formed a social club.

GARDEN vegetables are growing finely at the Kentucky Institution.

Rev. Dr. T. Gallaudet is expected to preach to the Baltimore deaf-mutes June 1st.

Two young men from the Kentucky Institution spent an entire day fishing, the result being a catch of one fish.

Gronox and Frank Walker, formerly pupils of the Tennessee Institution, are farming near Conroy, Rockdale county, Ga.

Dr. Fanterly, attending physician at the Virginia Institution, has been elected a member of the board of health of Staunton.

James Moylan, of Baltimore, Md., has gone to Piedmont, W. Va., to recruit his health. He has been suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mrs. William Van Velsor, of Elizabeth, N. J., died April 27th, of consumption, leaving a husband and two children. Her maiden name was Miss Crosby.

A party of gentlemen, among whom was one of the teachers in the Virginia Institution, went to the mountains one Saturday, recently, and caught 120 brook trout.

Mr. McQuinn, a graduate of the blind department of the Virginia Institution, and now superintendent of common schools in Pendleton county, W. Va., lately visited the Virginia Institution.

VICTORIA Carmack, pupil of the Tennessee Institution, has been very sick with pneumonia and bilious fever, but is now better. The rest of the pupils are enjoying general good health.

Dr. John M. Boyd and wife lately went to Atlanta, Ga., to attend a medical convention. During the doctor's absence his brother, Dr. S. B. Boyd, was acting physician at the Tennessee Institution.

A deaf and dumb man, aged seventy-five years, living at Saffers, recently assassinated three persons. He cut his neighbor's throat while he lay in bed, smashed in the skull of his wife, and stabbed to the heart a man who came to the rescue. Revenge for a slight he had received is believed to be the cause of the crime.

In answer to queries in regard to the whereabouts of Matthew Clark, a graduate of the New York Institution, W. M. Miles, of North Indianapolis, Ind., under date of May 10th, writes to us: "I saw a notice in the *Advocate* of Matthew Clark being drowned while crossing the Nebraska River, near Omaha, about three years ago."

To the extreme happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Allison, deaf-mutes, a fine five months girl has been added to their family. They still reside in Jackson, Tenn. Mrs. Allison says she is a subscriber of the *Mexico* (N. Y.) JOURNAL. That is right, as every muto ought to subscribe for it, for it is the best deaf-mute paper ever issued in this country. *Observer*.

PNOR Schoolfield is availing himself of the transient presence of migrating birds to add to his already interesting museum. His breeder-loader scarcely gets cold out of school hours, and he has found it necessary to take another apprentice to help him through with the increased amount of work. As for himself, he hardly takes time to eat, saying that the season will soon be over, and he must "make hay while the sun shines." *Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

At about half past five o'clock last Saturday afternoon a running match took place on our county fair grounds in this village between John Didier, of this place, and Stephen Sinclair, a compositor in the JOURNAL office. Didier was given a start of three yards, and the race, 100 yards, was won by Sinclair. Afterwards a 100-yard race was run between G. McKay and Sinclair, the former having three yards the start, and this race was easily won by Sinclair. Next Saturday a 100-yard scratch race, on the fair grounds, at 5:30 p. m., will take place between Charles Ames and Stephen Sinclair.

THE way to talk to a deaf person who knows how to talk is not to distend the lungs with air like a pair of bellows, and placing the lips close to the person's ear, discharge with abrupt force like a cannon-ball, a full blast into the offending member, as some people do with their shouting, never by shouting. Place yourself in such a position that the play of the organs of speech may be readily observed, then speak your words slowly and distinctly. As a general rule the more directly and quietly a person addresses one of this class, the more easily he is understood. The same instinct that prompts all mankind to gloss over their deformities renders the deaf morbidly sensitive with regard to the pitch and tone addressed to them in the presence of others. It is a positive pain to one of delicate nerves, laboring under this affliction, to meet with one of this class of blunt though well meaning individuals, however highly he may esteem him for his friendship's sake, simply because his faulty method of address advertises this misfortune, thus converting him into a gazing-stock for all within earshot. No wonder the constant mortification to which many are thus subjected renders their conduct still more singular to those who do not understand them. *Bz*.

## THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS.

Commencement Exercises at the National Deaf-Mute College Yesterday.

[Washington Post, May 8, 1879.]

Life in a deaf-mute college is, necessarily, totally different from the ideal of college life. There is no merry laughter of the pupils, no hilarious shouting of "varsity" songs, no passing jest and harmless wit at the expense of a fellow-student. Silence reigns supreme in the long corridors and in the study-rooms, broken only by the foot-fall of the moving student. Even out of doors, when the pupils indulge, like other boys, in the mysteries of base ball, the familiar vernacular of the field is never heard, and no shout of victory ascends from the conquerors. Once a year, on occasions like that which thronged the pretty chapel of the National Deaf-Mute College at Kendall Green yesterday, the usual quiet is disturbed. Commencement days form an era in the routine life of this college, and are looked forward to and discussed in silent language for weeks before the date fixed upon. When the guest enters the hall the courteous tone of the usher, as he utters a pleasant greeting and asks the comer to follow him to a nice seat "just this way," is missed. But the silent youth who leads the way has a cheerful smile that makes up for any lack of uttered welcome. The display of college colors was noticeable. Everywhere the yellow and blue was to be seen--the marshal's baton, the distinguishing badges of the reception committee, and even the ribbons binding the essays displaying these hues. The students, gathered in groups, talked

with their fingers so rapidly that one was reminded of the great finger gambling game of the Italians. But each face seemed to be impressed with a look of honest cheerful content as if the loss of speech and hearing was more than compensated in the use of the hand and eye. The exercises yesterday were unusually interesting, and attracted a large and intelligent audience. At 3 o'clock the officers of the college and the invited guests, headed by Mr. Hayes and Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, the president, entered the hall and ascended the platform. Among those seated on the stage were Senators Bayard and Dawes, directors of the institution; William Stickney, secretary; Mr. Justice Strong; Admiral Rodgers; Dr. Welling, president of Columbia University; Prof. Noah Porter, president of Yale; Prof. Noah Newcomb; Rev. Dr. Ames; ex-Secretary Delano; Secretary Rogers; Gen. John Eaton, Commissioner of Education; Peter Parker, and Profs. Porter, Fay, Chickering, Gordon, Hotchkiss, and Draper, of the college faculty. The opening prayer was delivered by Dr. Ames. A dissertation, by Jerome T. Elwell, of Pennsylvania, upon "Dr. Samuel Johnson," followed. Mr. Elwell's dark eyes continually followed his hands as he interpreted his speech by gestures and word-signs while his manuscript was read by Prof. Chickering. The paper was fully up to the ordinary college essay, and showed that the writer had closely studied the life of the great author. The next address was delivered by John A. Prince, of Massachusetts, his subject being "The educational value of the natural sciences." Mr. Prince is a deaf-mute. For two years he has heard no human voice, but the power of speech of which he is possessed has been cultivated until he can articulate words with wonderful distinctness, considering the unfortunate circumstances under which he labors. He read his own paper, the audience, at the request of Dr. Gallaudet, preserving perfect silence. The sign-interpretation was made by one of the professors. Mr. Prince's pleasant face is nearly hidden by bushy, black side whiskers and moustache. His neat black suit was faultlessly arranged, and a pretty *boutonnire* rested upon the right lapel of his coat. The concluding oration was delivered by James J. Murphy, of Wisconsin, "Our railroads." This gentleman has an intelligent and prepossessing face, which proved a true index to his essay. This was in every way meritorious, abounding in live practical ideas. His gestures were easy and graceful and were interesting even to those who were unable to fathom their mysterious significance. Degrees were then conferred as follows: Bachelor of Arts, Jas. J. Murphy and J. S. Elwell; Bachelor of Philosophy, John A. Prince. Dr. Gallaudet made a short address to the graduates, and then introduced Noah Porter, president of Yale College, who for over an hour spoke of "Modern Teaching, its opportunities and its perils." He divided his address into three heads--research, exposition, and examination. He said that teaching was an art founded on science. No man can teach who is not a philosopher, and yet it is a paradoxical truth that a philosopher is not always the best exponent of his own theories. Text-books are often faulty, and therefore a great deal depends upon teaching. It is the spirit of research. Darwin and Spencer have their merits, but it would have been far better if at every step some one had combated their theories by a critical, exhaustive research. It is this that makes science healthy. Teaching is an important element of education. Teachers must instruct in accepted knowledge, but at the same time they are gravely in error if they do not give greater weight to the practical side of a question than is done in some circles. Books of great men are great things, but they are not enough. There must be a living teacher, adapted to the capacities and temper of his pupils. The modern teacher tends to overlook the individual mass. Dr. Porter then gave his ideal conception of a teacher. In conclusion he devoted some time to impressing upon instructors the necessity of constant examination in to all branches. Socrates gave science birth by causing men to think, and the value of persistent investigation at the present day cannot be overestimated. After this address, Dr. Bullock, chaplain of the Senate, closed the exercises with the benediction.

The reception committee, who fulfilled the duties of their position with universal satisfaction, were Lester Goodman, Marshall, and Messrs. Henry White, James I. Sanson, Arthur D. Bryant, Albert H. Schory, Richard L. Hommedieu Long and John G. Saxton.

## THE WIFE OF GARIBALDI.

The wife of Garibaldi was a heroine in her day, and the event may well be chronicled with the deeds of daring which mark the career of her distinguished partner in life. In all the biographies of the Italian soldier and patriot she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Anita. She was a brunette, with black, piercing eyes; of a beautiful figure and a queenly majesty in her deportment; active, daring, high-spirited, and in every respect worthy of her husband.

Her courage was remarkable. A short time after her marriage she participated in an engagement at sea with her husband, refusing to go ashore, and during the fight insisted on remaining on deck, where she armed herself and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle she maintained a position near the gunners, flourishing a saber and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, when she was, at last, hurled

to the deck by the wind of a passing shot which killed two men near by.

Garibaldi sprang to her, believing that he would find her a corpse, when she arose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen at her side, but quite unhurt. Garibaldi begged her to go below and remain until the action was over. "I will go," was her reply, "but only to drive out the sneaking cowards who are skulking there!" for a moment before she had seen two or three men desert their posts for a place of safety.

And, going below, she immediately reappeared, driving before her the men filled with shame at being thus forced to duty by a resolute woman. She remained in the heat of the battle to the end; and after the struggle accompanied her husband in all his undertakings, and died while flying with him from the Austrians.

## THE PUPILS HAVE A PICNIC--GREAT SPORTS--LEMONADE "FEST."

GEORGIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, CAVE SPRING, Ga., May 7, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:--I am very much interested in reading your worthy paper. I will send the money when the time comes for me to renew my subscription. Some muto boys said that they liked to read it. They will subscribe for it. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes. I hope you will be successful. Some of the boys of this institution will try to enter the National Deaf-Mute College.

S. M. Freeman is a fine teacher. He often gives us lots of fun, and we are very much pleased with him.

S. A. Echols, one of the members of the board of trustees, came here with his wife and two children. Their children are very pretty. All the pupils are interested and pleased with them.

A picnic and a Sunday-school celebration took place here on the 2d of May. The excursion train from Rome to this place brought a crowd of more than seven hundred. We helped to make up the picnic. We had a nice time.

A crowd of people visited our institution, and we were much pleased with their visit. A flying Dutchman was stationed in the grove for the amusement of the children. A gentleman named H. F. Taylor started to ride on it, but its head was turned out of the way toward the people, and he jumped from it, and tried to turn it back, but he could not, and he whipped it with a stick because he thought it was a living horse. All the people laughed at him very much.

We shall have another picnic and a fishing party soon.

The weather is cool. The green grass looks beautiful, and the trees have assumed their green robes again.

We shall have an examination and an exhibition in July. There will be an excursion from Atlanta to this place at that time, and members of the legislature expect to come.

Principal W. O'Connor treated us to a barrel of lemonade last week, and we thanked him for his kindness.

I like to read Prof. Job Turner's letters. I hope Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Prof. Job Turner will visit us again. We shall be glad to see them. The pupils and teachers are all well except one. Yours truly, A. PRINCE.

## AN UNEDUCATED MERCHANT TAILOR.

GUELPH, Ont., May 4, 1879.

DEAR RIDER:--I thought a few lines to your interesting paper would not be unwelcome. I thought to give you a little interesting news of deaf-mutes that I have become acquainted with, and I will give you a few brief facts.

As you may know, I am traveling for Wm. B. Swett, but I have been working all winter in a cigar factory in Woodstock, and expect to start on my own account when I get the money that I expect from England.

In Berlin, Waterloo county, I met a deaf-mute tailor who came from Germany when a boy. He has no education, but is intelligent, and is the owner of a tailor's shop. He has been married, and has three or four children. He can talk only by signs in his own way with his sister, who translates all the orders his customers give him. I was there only half an hour. I saw no less than three get measured. It speaks well for him. His father taught him the business. He owns two houses. I was pleased to see that his work was first-class, and ordered a suit of him.

Leaving Berlin, where they are mostly Germans, I went to Guelph to see an old friend, Wm. J. Terrell. He was educated at Exeter, England, under Dr. Scott. This muto is a real wonder, and a pattern for all mutes to follow. By his own unaided efforts he has got a splendid cottage, a real *beau ideal* of a home, all his own. He is working in Raymond's factory at good wages, steady for the past eight years, and is married to a deaf-mute lady, who has the finest plants I ever saw. She is a person of refinement. She got her education under McGann, now in Belleville. I wish all mutes were as happy and striving as these. In my next letter I will give my experience and observations on my route. I may return to England, as death in my family will make it necessary for me to go, on my return.

I shall start on my own account in Stratford. There is another well-to-do muto there, whom I may mention in my next letter. This is longer than I intended it to be. W. E. S.

—Mlle. Adelaide Montgolfier, a daughter of the inventor of balloons, is still alive at the age of 89, and owns a large fortune.

## Local Paragraphs.

Vegetation is fast coming forward.

Dry and fancy goods trade is active.

Farmers are rushing their spring work.

Miss Lydia Pruyn is very sick in Fulton.

Some of our citizens have made their gardens.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis C. Rider are boarding at H. C. Rider's.

The past few warm days reminded us of the "heated term."

Mr. Mallotte is having Mexico Hotel put in good running order.

Potatoes are of poor quality, and are more dear than scarce here.

Mrs. H. Humphries has nearly recovered from her recent sickness.

J. B. Driggs has recently been having his house and fence repainted.

Frank Johnson, we hear, has not been as well during the past few days.

Will Ballou expects to leave here soon for the Yellowstone River country.

Ina Benedict, of Oswego, lately visited at Mrs. Downing's and at J. D. Hartson's.

We hear that Ebenezer Whitney has been more comfortable during the past few days.

Trouting and fish spearing have lately been enjoyed by quite a number from this village.

William Collins has recently been quite sick, but is now said to be more comfortable.

Amos Thomas has been having a new coat of paint put on his barn by Ames & Halleck.

E. L. Huntington has lately been greatly beautifying the premises adjacent to his house.

Most of our citizens are now more or less afflicted with the regular annual house-cleaning mania.

Miss Susie Hartson gave a very pleasant party to some of her young friends last Saturday evening.

Rev. J. B. Longstreet, who has been sick for a long time, has been much worse during the past few days.



## RESPECT FOR THE AGED.

A short time since the writer came in personal contact with an aged man, enfeebled by disease and the accumulated weight of years. He greatly needed the helping hand. He had contracted the habit of taking opium in his old age. The associates of his youth had all passed away, and he was left alone. Even the companion of his young life had gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. He was left like an old oak stripped of its foliage. Never was there a time when he so much needed the kind look and word as then! He needed the guiding hand to steady his tottering steps. The time was when, in full strength and vigor, he did not require these aids; he imparted them to others. But, Oh, how changed! There he sat looking wistfully at the dear old faces of the gone before, as they were encased in gilded frames, hanging on the walls. Directing my attention, he gazed, and yet gazed, till those dim eyes were moist, while the unbidden tear started as he recalled other days and other scenes, when those dear ones, represented, were the light of his dwelling, the joy of his heart.

In one of these conditions of mind and moods of pensive thought he resorted to opium as a narcotic and stimulant so as to enable him, for a time, to forget the past. He was lonely and felt himself forsaken. That habit, he said, would not have been formed had some kindly hand administered to him. All that was cared for him was estimated in dollars and cents. All this he felt most keenly, and fully realized that when his departure would take place none would tenderly lay him away in his earth couch.

Is not this too often the case? The aged are crowded out, the young ushered in. Let all remember who neglect the aged and infirm that the day is coming when they will need cheering words, sunshine words that make the lone heart glow. Life, like the natural day, has its morning, its noon, its evening. Each period has its sunshine, its clouds, its light, its darkness, its fair and cloudy weather, its storms, its joys, its sorrows. The old do not feel the exhilarating brightness of the morning of life, nor the fervid strength of its noon, but they often experience what is better, a calm, quiet stillness and peaceful repose in its evening.

There is, perhaps, no one thing, certainly not many things, which impress the reflective mind and tender heart with more sadness than to see an aged person, bending low with years, addicted to such a practice. Pity them, ye humane, as ye remember your aged sires who have crossed the stream and have entered into rest. Let the sacred memories of our own loved ones stimulate us to renewed efforts to render the evening of life pleasant to all who are aged, sad, and lonely.

On the other hand, how unspeakably pleasant it is to see the silver-haired pilgrim, in the evening time of life, cheerful, happy, trustful in God, hopeful of men, the winds and storms of life bringing little or no disturbance of his peace, baring the head reverently, and bowing it meekly in the presence of great afflictions, and lifting it up rejoicingly when blessings fall upon it, converting by the soft, subdued and beautiful sunshine which they spread around them, the very unpromising elements of the latest autumn into the finest Indian summer of life; and finally sinking down peacefully to his rest, amid the golden evening sunlight, and leaving the sky long after tinted with colorings more beautiful than artists ever conceived.

"Why weep ye, then? for those who have won The bound of man's appointed years at last, Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done, Sincerely to their final rest have passed, While the soft memory of their virtues yet Lingers like twilight-hues when the bright sun is set."

MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.  
Cincinnati, O., May 1, 1879.

## A PICNIC.

THE GALA DAY OF THE INMATES OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AND THE BLIND.

CEDAR SPRINGS, S. C., May 6, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—May 2d, 1879, will be long remembered by the pupils of the South Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind as one of the pleasantest days that they ever spent. On that day our annual May picnic took place, and, instead of among hills or in a grove as usual, the pupils had the novelty of picnicking at the summit of the Blue Ridge amid lofty peaks. Long previous to the picnic day there was a good deal of wondering among the pupils as to where they would have their picnic, but they never dreamed that it would occur on a mountain, beyond the limits of our State. Therefore when the superintendent announced the place that the officers had selected for this year's picnic, they were greatly surprised and delighted.

The weather on the first day of May was cloudy and threatening enough to dampen the spirits of the most enthusiastic person and dispel his hopes for fair weather the next day. But when the picnic day arrived it was all that was desired, being clear and agreeably cool. We got aboard the train at Cedar Springs station, on the S. & U. R. R., one mile from the institution, and reached the mountains over the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad, a new road and a part of the proposed railway route through the mountains to the Mississippi Valley.

Seen from here, the mountains appear against the sky, something like gray-blue objects, and it was not until the trees and rocks on them became

visible that they greeted our eyes in their grandeur and beauty.

When the train containing our party stopped in the town of Spartanburg our home band, composed of the blind boys, dispensed music to the crowd of citizens who had gathered to wish us a pleasant day.

Leaving Spartanburg, nothing of interest occurred till we touched the base of the mountains. The road passes round Tryon Mountain, which, I believe, the third highest mountain east of the Mississippi River. We saw some plows at work on the steep sides of the mountains. Except a few small clearings, the ground is covered with a dense forest of fine chestnuts, white oaks, and hemlocks. Wild flowers are plenty, and squirrels were seen frisking. In some places the road is cut through solid rocks.

At the Pacolet River the grade of the road begins to ascend, and continues to do so for three miles, at the rate of over two hundred feet to the mile. While the locomotive, a huge one, of the Mogul pattern, pulled us slowly up, the train pedlar, a colored boy, got off, picked some flowers, and then got back on the train. He distributed the flowers among the delighted girls.

At last we arrived at Saluda Gap, our destination. Here are located a depot, a hotel, and a high stockade for the confinement, at night, of the gangs of convicts which are employed on the roads. Within the pen are log cabins.

Just before lunch we crowned a girl Queen of May, and the boys gave her three cheers by waving their hats. As to the winds, they were delicious and tempting. A young man seeing a dozen of bottles on which were pasted slips of paper, with the word "wine" written thereon, was noticed to hug that particular corner where they stood. Upon the contents being poured out he was disgusted to find that they were only cold tea and coffee.

After lunch the party ascended the nearest mountain. As the top of this mountain is an old field there were no trees to obstruct our vision, and the view that it commands is simply grand. Here and there rises a lofty peak. To the west of us spread the Green River and French Broad River Valleys. On the whole the scene is a rich display of grandeur and solitude. A short distance down the summit we found some graves, rude, and comparatively fresh. As there was no church in the vicinity, and judging from the character of the graves, we concluded that they were the graves of convicts who had been employed on the road. I could not help thinking that a rude grave in such a place, commanding such glorious mountain scenery, was preferable to a nice one on the level plains.

At 4 o'clock p. m. we started to return home. When we had come half way home the engine lost a piece of machinery, known among railway mechanics as a shoe, and this prevented us from getting home before dark as we expected to do. A negro boy, one of our waiters, upon hearing that the engine had lost one of its shoes, expressed great surprise that an engine had shoes, and proceeded to see what sort of shoes they were. The failure of the party to reach home at the due time caused no small uneasiness among our friends here as well as at Spartanburg. On our arrival at the latter place quite a crowd collected to see if we were safe and to welcome us. The pupils arrived at the institution at half past 11 a. m., thoroughly tired and sleepy. On inquiring I found that every one of the pupils enjoyed themselves splendidly, but they regret that the picnic day is past. Poor children.

When the officers decided to have the picnic on Friday one of the boys objected to the selection of that day of the week, saying that it was an unlucky day for undertaking anything. The day after the picnic the boy, wishing to vindicate his superstitious belief, reminded the superintendent of the accident to the engine, and finally accosted him with "I told you so." The latter asked him if he considered it bad luck when it enabled him to enjoy the girls' company several hours more than if there had been no accident. The boy saw the point, and departed in peace.

The health of the household of the South Carolina Institution is at present good. There was a death among the boys last January. It was a young deaf and dumb gentleman named Eugene Glover, from Orangeburg, S. C. He died of typhoid pneumonia. His disease caused much sorrow, as his sweet disposition had endeared him to all with whom he had become acquainted.

E. D. Smoak, a deaf-mute, living at Branchville, S. C., had the misfortune to lose his store-house at Bamberg by fire some months since. The loss, \$1,000, was not covered by insurance. D. S. ROGERS.

## SUDDEN DEATH OF A DEAF-MUTE LADY.

STUYVESANT FALLS, N. Y., May 10, '79.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Please allow me to have a little space, a snug corner in your valuable paper, about the death of Mary Ann, wife of John W. Ackley, a deaf-mute, of Scottsville, five miles from here. She died on the 3d of May. The coroner was called, and held an inquest over her body last Sunday. The jury, after hearing evidence, rendered a verdict that she came to her death from heart disease. The case is the more sad to contemplate from the fact that she was in full health at supper time and at bedtime she died. She sank peacefully to her final rest like one falling asleep to pleasant dreams. Her fragrant memory will be embalmed in the hearts of those who knew her. She was a deaf-

mute. She leaves a husband to mourn her loss. Before marriage her name was Mary Ann Trainer.

W. CARMICHAEL.

## NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

NASHVILLE, TENN., May 5, 1879.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Before I go away this afternoon I must write you a shorter letter than usual.

Last Saturday afternoon I left Hopkinsville, Ky., against my will, because it is so lovely a place. Can't you guess what makes it so? While on the train a gentleman found me deaf and dumb, came to me, introduced himself as Dr. Mussey, of Cincinnati, O., and told me that he knew Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the Hartford school, and his son, President Gallaudet, of the deaf-mute college; that his father, a doctor, was professor of surgery in Dartmouth College, at Hanover, N. H. for 35 years, and that he moved to Cincinnati and taught surgery in a medical college for 18 years. He said that he was on his way to Atlanta, Ga., to attend the great medical convention, which meets here to-morrow. They say there will be about seven hundred doctors present.

One square from this house stands the mansion in which President Polk used to live.

About eight or ten miles from this city lies what is called Hermitage, where General Andrew Jackson lived till his death, which occurred June 8th, 1845. O, that I could make a pilgrimage to his tomb.

In this city is situated a very famous sulphur spring, which was bored to a great depth for salt, large quantities of the water of which are sold on the streets by boys during the summer months. When the first white hunters came to this place, they found a Frenchman living at the spring.

Six railroads enter this city; there are about 35 churches, of all denominations, and about twenty newspapers are published here.

Edgefield lies just across the Cumberland River from this city, as Brooklyn lies just across the East River from New York.

To-night a service was conducted in Christ Church, by Rev. Dr. Graham and the writer. I go away this afternoon. Sincerely yours,  
JOB TURNER.

JACKSON, TENN., May 8, 1879.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This is a charming place to visit, and the people are kind and hospitable. I am making my home at the Lancaster House, a good hotel, where is presented a fine view of the town. I stopped over at this place last Tuesday.

After mailing you my Nashville letter I strolled about that fine city for observation. I went to the old residence of James K. Polk, once President of the United States. He lies buried in his front yard in the heart of the city, and his widow is still living in the same mansion. I would have paid her my respects, but it was absolutely out of my power to do so, which I regretted. Allow me to say something about President Polk. During his administration he kindly invited me into his office, during cabinet hours, beckoned to me to sit by him, and wrote on a piece of paper "I am glad to see you." He smiled while I talked with him. A good Christian and a great statesman he was. I could clearly see it in his eye. During our pleasant conversation the late Hon. J. Y. Mason, the secretary of the navy, rose from his seat and asked President Polk if I was Mr. Turner, to which he replied in the affirmative, and introduced him to me. Mr. Mason told me that he had heard of me through some ladies of Norfolk, Va. I found him a very pleasant talker. Among the secretaries present was Hon. James Buchanan, before he was made President of the United States. A noble sight it was in that office. It makes me feel sad at the thought that he, Mr. Mason, and the ladies, except one, have gone to rest. Life is as brittle as glass. Let us daily endeavor to follow the blessed steps of Christ's most holy life.

Leaving the grave, I found my way to the capitol, the grounds of which excite the admiration of the stranger. I saw a full-length portrait of General Andrew Jackson over the main door leading into the Hall of the House of Representatives. I remember seeing him in 1833, when he visited the Hartford school for the deaf and dumb. I entered the Senate Chamber, and saw nothing interesting. I was led into the State library, in which are deposited many curiosities and relics, among which are Daniel Boone's old musket, General Jackson's old ink-stand, Mrs. Andrew Jackson's old oil portrait, and an Egyptian mummy, about 3,300 years old, found in the catacombs near Cairo, Egypt, believed to have been Ham, son of Noah, whom he mocked; so I was told by the lady librarian. The library contains about 30,000 books, and a large number of well-painted portraits, among which are those of General and Mrs. Andrew Jackson and President Andrew Johnson. Mrs. Jackson looked fat and robust. The capitol is built of white granite within and without, and cannot catch fire. From the tower of the capitol, 79 feet high, is to be seen one of the grandest views in the country. I could see the Cumberland Mountains, 100 miles distant, and the Vanderbilt and Fisk Universities, not very far from the city. My stay in Nashville was so brief that I was sorry not to have time to find Mr. Branch, a deaf-mute gentleman.

Last night there was a service in St. David's Church conducted by Rev. Dr. Harrison and the writer. The altar and chancel were tastefully decorated with pretty bouquets. There were six deaf-mutes present. Another deaf-mute, named William W. Allen, was

confined to his room by indisposition, and could not attend the service, or he would have been glad to have been present, so says he. The deaf-mutes present were: Misses Fannie and Mattie Fleming; John M. Allison; Mrs. Harriet E. Allison, nee Miss Miller; Benjamin T. Allison; and Miss Delilah P. Allison. The sick deaf-mute man, William W. Allen, has a wife and a daughter, both speaking. I am told that there is a good number of deaf-mutes around this place. This will be a good field for the southern missionary.

Allow me to say a fact about Mr. John M. Allison's benevolence. Some time ago, while he was walking about Jackson, Tenn., he found a little deaf-mute boy, apparently abandoned, on the street, and afterwards got him admitted into the deaf and dumb institution at Knoxville, Tenn., where he now is. He may have been abandoned by his hard-hearted parents. I have heard of one case like this. Long ago a little deaf-mute boy was left a very large fortune by his father, at his death, and one of his uncles made his guardian. The trustee loved the enormous fortune so much that he wished to get rid of his deaf-mute nephew. He took him out for a ride, abandoned him in a thick forest, very far from home, and rode away quickly. The deaf-mute boy wandered about the forest, crying for help. A gentleman found him and brought him to the Abbe L. Sicard, the director of the Royal Institution at Paris, who received him as a pupil and taught him several years, when he became well educated, and could write with accuracy. He often told Sicard that he remembered that he once lived in a splendidly-furnished mansion. Sicard and he visited some different places till the latter recognized his old home, and confounded his uncle so much that he drove him out and took possession of the property which his father bequeathed him. Afterwards he lived in princely style.

This afternoon Misses Fannie and Mattie Flushing and I partook of a sumptuous wedding supper, which was given in honor of Mr. Allison's brother and his bride, who were this morning married about 25 miles from here. There was a good number of friends there. I had the great pleasure of being with six deaf-mutes at the supper. One of them, Mr. John M. Allison, told me something about himself, which I will relate. When he was a little boy he fell into a well, full of water, and a Newfoundland dog jumped in, took him out in his mouth, left him half dead on the ground, ran home, and barked at his mother, but she paid no attention to it. The dog, however, pulled her by the dress, which led her to think that something must be the matter. She followed the dog to the place, where she found the boy (her son) lying half dead. She carried him home in her arms, and he soon got well again. His life was providentially saved.

I expect to be in Memphis to-morrow evening to meet an appointment next Sunday. Sincerely yours,  
JOB TURNER.

## STIMULATING NEWS FROM MISSISSIPPI.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION, JACKSON, MISS., MAY 6, 1879.  
DEAR JOURNAL:—Enclosed please find one dollar and fifty cents to renew my subscription. I am very much pleased to read the JOURNAL, particularly Prof. Job Turner's letters. They are full of interest. I think the JOURNAL is the best deaf-mute paper published.

It is with great pleasure that I write a few lines for the JOURNAL, which I hope is many readers will be delighted to hear.

The health of the Mississippi Institution inmates is very fine, and the pupils are making improvements in their studies.

Prof. C. H. Talbot is busy planting sweet potatoes, peas, corn, etc., for the use of the institution. I hope we shall have an abundance of them next fall, more than we had last year.

The pupils were all disappointed in not having a picnic at Hamilton Park on Thursday, the 1st inst., in consequence of much rain. It continued from 10 to 5 o'clock. They went into the chapel, talked with each other, and played checkers and dominoes instead of going to the picnic.

Four of our pupils, whose names are Misses Lucy King, Nancy Pierce, Ruth and Martha Sadlers, joined the Baptist Church last Sunday and will be immersed next Sunday evening at four o'clock p. m. Some of the boys desire to join the church in a few days. I hope they will make good Christians, and God will bless and guide them into the way of right and truth.

I am very glad that Prof. Job Turner will be back here to lecture in the Mississippi Institution and conduct a service in the Episcopal Church. The pupils will be delighted to see him. They take great interest in his lectures. I received a few letters from my old deaf and dumb friends, recently, saying they would like very much to come and see Professor Turner lecture in signs next year. They wanted me to write and let them know when he would be here.

Willie F. Cabaniss, a deaf-mute, is a check-clerk at the depot in this city. He said that he remained here last fall during the epidemic, and witnessed seven deaths from yellow fever. Do you not think him a brave man? He has worked hard at the same place four years to make money to help his mother, who is a widow. He is kind to her. He has a sister who is the matron of the Mississippi Institution. Everybody likes her very well. I will write to you again.

Sincerely yours,  
L. W. SAUNDERS.

## A WALKING RACE ILLUSTRATED.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Through reading your paper it affords me pleasure to be reminded of the information concerning Mr. McFaul and his feats, and also "Fair Play" and "Uncle Jim" accepting a challenge. How "Fair Play" and "Uncle Jim" would like some good suggestion and to see some illustrations, engraved by me.

Walking matches are considerably in vogue, and they render many young people great excitement, but probably in a few years it will be played out. As a consequence, several pedestrians of both sexes have lately been either dying or crippled for life and going into their graves by overwork.

"Fair Play" and "Uncle Jim," if so decided, could have the best of arrangements for a great walking match in honor of the bi-ennial anniversary of the convention of the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes, to be held in New York city in August next. Suppose before that time they should want Mr. McFaul or any other deaf-mute in the United States to walk a thousand miles in fifteen days; a gold medal, and \$500 for the championship, would be all right. And it would be required for "Fair Play" and "Uncle Jim" to ride on two well-trained mules, "dogging" the pedestrians from New York to Buffalo, through Albany, and return. Under the eyes of "Fair Play," Mr. McFaul who is confident of winning the gold medal and money, would commence to walk. The following illustrations of one pedestrian will be given.



First day.



Sixth day; his appearance full of spirit.



Ninth day; his feet beginning to swell.



Twelfth day; suffering and continuing to walk in spite of his danger.



Fifteenth day; victoriously reaching the winning post.

GOOSE QUILL.  
Cherry Valley, N. Y., May 8, 1879.

Habitual Constipation of the Bowels causes Piles. Use Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and both complaints will disappear.

## WATKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Another summer-resort season has just now come, many tourists beginning to appear on our main thoroughfare, and, of course, they will multiply and soon fill the hotels and boarding-houses, even crowding out on the principal street, which makes us feel sort of Saratogaish! There were five picnic parties, who first explored the Glen, during the past month. It is reported that there will not be less than 200 excursions coming to the Glen during this season.

There are many improvements and new enterprises in this place. I must give to your readers plenty of information regarding the condition and management of the hotels in Watkins, should they like to muddle themselves to choose one of the hotels for their quarters. It reads as follows:

The Glen Mountain House will be very ably and pleasingly managed by A. J. Michiner, of Philadelphia, assisted by Mr. Lippincott, of that city. Mr. Michiner intends to make the hotel more successful than ever before. He will greet a good many deaf-mutes when stopping at the hotel. The hotel is to open this week. It is situated between the lower and upper Glens. Mr. Michiner also has the control of the Glen, and, of course, the number of tourists will not be decreasing, but increasing, and probably exceed over 250,000 this year.

The Glen Park Hotel is under the same management as last year, that of Mr. Charles S. Frost. He will be assisted by a corps of popular clerks, and they will give entire satisfaction to their guests, and intend to keep them in good spirits. The hotel is admitted by the press to be one of the best and most popular hotels in Western New York. The hotel fronts the main thoroughfare, and it takes three minutes to walk to the entrance of the Glen. It stands within a beautiful park, where guests and tourists find it to their advantage in croquetting, strolling among the evergreens, and in taking a cool bath by the fountain in the center. The hotel gives another privilege to the guests; there is magnetic and sulphur springs water on draught at the hotel. I used to drink that mineral water, and soon felt quite refreshed. I can assure your readers that it is of great benefit to all, and they will thus be able to improve their health and spirits. Deaf-mutes should for once try the pleasures of the hotel when stopping at Watkins. Last year the hotel was unusually successful.

The Jefferson House has been leased by Abel Hodgkins and M. W. Morgan. They will keep a first-class house in every respect, and do their best to please the guests. The hotel was the quarters for our last excursion to the Glen. I can recommend this hotel as first-class in every respect, as I have felt its pleasures. The deaf-mutes should not forget to go there while sojourning in Watkins.

The Fall Brook House, H. M. Baker & Son proprietors, is a first-class hotel. A good many deaf-mutes have been registered there, and one of the proprietors said that the number of deaf-mute arrivals at the hotel was about 45. They will agree that it is a good place for deaf-mutes to stop at. The lake is very lovely, and again welcomes me to a sail. I shall take good deal of pleasure in rowing, which is a good means of exercise.

The Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company will soon put their splendid boats, "Schuyler" and "Onondaga," on the lake for the summer campaign. The company has been very successful during the past year. Deaf-mutes, going southward to the Glen must bear in mind to avail themselves of a ride aboard the steamers, inasmuch as they would be liable to be fully recreated by the open, fresh air, and have plenty of views on both sides of the lake. I clip the following from the Montgomery (Ala.) Daily Advertiser:

"I do believe, with all my heart, that Seneca Lake is the loveliest sheet of water in the world. Its waters are so pure and clear that if you fill one glass and wet another, the two sides by side, it is difficult to say which is the full and which is the empty glass. The air bubbles which break from the steamer's wheels are visible for four or five feet before they rise to the surface, and the wharf posts, against which the steamer comes to her landing, can be distinctly traced to the very ground in which they are imbedded. Then the banks of the lake are as lovely as a pleasant dream. Small fields, which more nearly resemble well-cultivated gardens, long lines of vineyards, rich green clusters of forest growth, and now and then a silvery waterfall succeed each other in a round which cannot fail to charm even the most matter-of-fact and unromantic voyager. This panoramic display continues for the whole of the forty miles which lie between Geneva and Watkins, the foot and head of the lake. I would advise all persons who visit Watkins to try the pleasures of this beautiful lake, for it is not within the power of my pen to describe them."

We had an amateur walking tournament, which commenced on the evening of the 8th of last month and ended on the evening of the 12th of that month. Thomas Griffin, of Watkins, and a native of Ireland, came ahead in his easy gait and won the first prize (\$200 in gold), his score being 246 miles, and, of course, he was presented with many valuable articles. Ah! one of my eyes was slightly moved! Afterwards he challenged the winners of the walking matches of the counties of Stenben, Yates, Tioga, Chenango, and Schuyler, (second and third,) for a 100-hour walking match, to be commenced on the 15th of June next. The prize will be \$300, and the winner will take the "champion belt" of the counties aforesaid. I met Mr. Griffin, and chatted with him.

He reported to me the names of the men who had accepted the challenge: Lyons and McCarthy, of Steuben; Mack, of Chemung; Long, of Yates; Root, of Tioga; and it is understood that some others will probably follow.

Mr. Joel E. Andrews, of Odessa, is doing well, and may now be found very busy bottoming chairs with canes, reeds, etc. He is an occasional correspondent for the Havana (N. Y.) Journal. The letters are very spicy.

Mr. John Dougherty, of Watkins, works at shoemaking in the factory of L. Ballard in Watkins. He is a first-class cobbler. He talks of starting a shop of his own in this place at some future time. I wish him success in his new enterprise. He has ordered from you a package of 25 alphabet cards with his name on the reverse side. He needs them very much, in order to save many of his sweetheart's troubles.

Miss Hattie Wright, formerly of Owego, and now of Dundee, N. Y., stopped at Watkins last Saturday. She is the guest of Miss Maggie E. Smith, the sister of the writer, for a few days. I have been respecting her as a good lady pedestrian, and would advise her to compete for the "Astley Belt" this year.

Miss Eva Lucas, daughter of Mr. George M. Lucas, of Oswego, N. Y., seems to have taken Watkins for her residence. She has been here for some months past, and is believed to be weighed down by the wonders of the Glen. Not only her, but also the readers, I would invite to come and stroll through the Glen, as well as view the wonders, as some distinguished people have scorned the "vomiting" falls of Niagara, but have spoken highly of the majestic Watkins Glen.

I have many more things to tell, but I fear that I have trespassed upon your time and patience. Another letter is promised you at some future time.

RUSSELL SMITH.  
Watkins, N. Y., May 7, 1879.

## THE MICHIGAN INSTITUTION IN TROUBLE.

A RELIGIOUS ROW.

FLINT, Mich., May 2, 1879.  
EDITOR JOURNAL:—About fifteen Catholic blind pupils, boys and girls, were expelled from the Michigan Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind yesterday because they refused to sing a Catholic mass set to protestant words. The board of trustees has been in session and has directed that they must obey the rules or leave the institution. I quote the following communication from the Detroit Evening News of Monday, written by a prominent citizen of this city:

To-day The News received a letter from a prominent gentleman of Flint, which runs as follows:

To the Editor of The Evening News: I desire to bring to the notice of the public, through the columns of The Evening News, that a religious prescription is to-day enacted and enforced in the State deaf, dumb, and blind asylum against the Catholic inmates of said institution by the board of trustees of the same, or at least by a majority. The editor of the Globe of this city seems to have a commission from somewhere to persecute the Catholic inmates. He never lets an opportunity go by to show his animus through the columns of his paper against Catholics, and after persecuting the non-conforming Catholics during the entire time of his administration as trustee—after compelling Catholic children to acts abhorrent to their consciences—the board of trustees complete their villainy by demanding from the Catholic pupils an unequalled submission to each and every rule said board may make, a power never before claimed by any tribunal on earth.

It is thus that a portion of the citizens of Michigan are ruthlessly insulted by their servants, and an institution supported by each and every taxpayer is turned into a proselyting machine. Is there no redress left? Are we again to see religious distinctions made a basis of legal administration? The Catholic children of the institution are, according to the bulletins published in the Deaf-Mute Mirror of the institution, models of progress and good behavior. Why then the attack upon their religious faith?

The progress of proselyting has been at an ebb for a few months, and it was becoming possible for a blind Catholic pupil (not so with the deaf and dumb, for they are absolutely refused the right to attend the services of the Catholic church) to come to the institution and keep the faith of his fathers, and thus enjoy part of the bounty of the whole State. But alas! all this is changed, thanks to Aldrich and Johnson at last.

Hear, O ignorant Catholics, and understand it well! Henceforth if you wish to come to enjoy our bounty leave your religion at home, for the price of admission here is not to have no religion, but to have our religion and without appeal. And take notice, lest perhaps you might think that you could enjoy what you please to call religious liberty, our will is the measure of your action.

The above is the gist of the board's recent decree and they have confirmed it by the expulsion of the Catholic pupils, and on Monday they start for their homes.

Flint, May 2.

C. C. C.

## MARRIED.

BREWER-DOENGES.—In Mont Vernon, N. Y., May 7, 1879, by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Mr. Samuel E. Brewer and Miss Frederica L. Doenges, graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The Code of Civil Procedure and the Civil Code has been vetoed by Governor Robinson.

Sing Sing prison yielded a net profit of \$4,200 from convict labor during last month.

Our national blessing, otherwise the public debt, increased to the extent of \$119,951.16 last month.

A new telegraph company, the Union, has been incorporated with \$10,000,000 capital. Jay Gould's name heads the list of stockholders.

The failures in New York city last month numbered forty-nine, with liabilities amounting to \$1,199,883. During the corresponding month of last year there were in the same city seventy-three failures, with liabilities amounting to \$9,890,000.

The colossal bronze statue of Dr. Livingstone, the fearless and active missionary and explorer, was unveiled in Glasgow, Scotland. It represents him in his broken and death. He stands by a broken palm-tree, holding an open Bible in his left hand, and in his right his undress cap.

Sitting Bull has become of international importance. The Departments at Washington have decided that our late unruly redman is a British subject, whereupon Mr. Schultz, M. P. from Manitoba, has given notice in the Canadian Parliament that he proposes to ask whether the government has any knowledge of the fact.

The Emperor of all the Russias proposes not to be assassinated, if he can help it. During a recent visit the most extraordinary precautions were taken to secure the Czar's safety. For forty-eight hours previous to the journey, all traffic was suspended on the road he was to take, and when the royal train moved sentinels were placed along the entire line. We advise the Czar to abdicate, and come to New York. In two years he could become an alderman, and his head would be in less danger than it now is.

The army appropriation bill was returned by the President to the House without his signature, and accompanied with his objections to it. The points specially urged and ably argued are that the legislation is unnecessary, that it is presented in an improper manner, that it would leave the Government without the means of enforcing its statutes, and that if it were passed it would introduce a principle by which Congress could dictate the action of the Executive in matters where he intended and required to act independently.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, proposes to give the electric light a fair field. It is stated that the authorities have made a contract to have a portion of the city lighted with the new illuminator. The lamp posts, which are twenty feet high, have all been erected, and it is expected that the lamps will be placed in position in a short time. The results of this generous experiment in electric lighting will be noted with great interest by the public in general and electricians and gas companies in particular.

CHARLES F. FREEMAN, a second advent fanatic, residing at Ponasset, Mass., laboring under the delusion that the Lord required a human sacrifice of him, murdered his five-year-old daughter a week ago last Friday. He believed the dead child would be restored to life on the third day. His wife approved the deed, and many of the same belief in that place justify and defend the act of the murderer. The man and his wife have been arrested, and are locked up. The child was buried on Sunday. On every other subject Freeman is perfectly rational, and he speaks of his sacrifice, as he is pleased to term it, with the coolness and composure of positive conviction.

Under the law of 1875, says the *Tribune*, \$8,000,000 was authorized to be contributed by the two cities for the completion of the East River Bridge. Brooklyn's share of this sum has been paid over to the bridge trustees, with the exception of \$970,000. The law directs the Controller to retain the interest on the bonds already issued until the bridge is completed, and Controller Steinmetz, of Brooklyn, says that only about \$300,000 more can be drawn by the trustees from Brooklyn. If the same view is taken by Controller Kelley, the trustees will be able to draw only about \$1,000,000 instead of \$2,000,000 as was anticipated, and it is feared that the work on the bridge will soon be again at a standstill. It is suggested that legislative relief be sought.

Is the most frequented quarter of Paris is the "Street of the Withered Tree," and it was there Queen Brune-hild suffered death as far back as the year 619. She had fallen into the hands of Clovis, son of Fredegonde, who charged her with having caused the death of ten kings or sons of kings and arraigned her before his officers, by whom she was condemned, at the age of eighty—some say at ninety—to a punishment worthy her crimes. For three days she was exposed in mean and ragged garments on the back of a camel, and then attached by her hair and one of her legs to a wild horse, which as soon as loosed dashed her to pieces against the stones. In the Middle Ages this street was the resort of seditious Parisians and the scene of constant disorder.

## SUNDAY READING.

### ONLY.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall  
In a little cleft of a city wall,  
And taking root, grew bravely up,  
Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower—but it chanced that day  
That a burdened heart passed by that way;  
And the message that through the flower was sent,  
Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spake of the lilies so wondrously clad;  
And the heart that was fired grew strangely glad  
At the thought of a tender care over all,  
That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought—but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;  
For it ran through life, like a thread of gold;  
And the life bore fruit—a hundred fold.

Only a word—but 'twas spoken in love,  
With a whispered prayer to the Lord above,  
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door,"  
For a new-born soul "entered in by the door."

### NEARNESS TO GOD.

We sometimes hear Christians complain of a sense of the distance of God from them. When they seek Him He seems afar off; He retires behind a cloud, and hides His face from them; they do not feel that joy in His love which they desire and are sometimes permitted to experience. Now, we must not forget that God never flees from us. If we are not conscious of His nearness, of His immediate presence, it is because we have, spiritually, withdrawn from Him.

Love is a spiritual force. By it we are drawn towards the individual who excites it in us. We desire to be near him, to be in the closest intimacy, closest union, closest agreement with him; and any difference in sentiment or separation in space from him causes pain and unhappiness. But can man, the fallible, man the ignorant, man the finite, enjoy an intimate union with God, the holy, omniscient, infinite, eternal? Yes, through Christ, in whom God revealed the divine in the human. He spoke to His disciples of their blessed spiritual union with Him, even as He was in the Father. And how was that union to be effected? By doing His will, as He did the will of the Father.

Ah, that is the way we are to draw near to God—by doing His will as manifested in the Son. With our affections we must love Him, with our minds we must understand Him, with our wills, directing our lives, we must serve Him. God loves His children, and if we would be near Him we must love our fellow men. God is continually exercising His power to bless His creatures, and if we would be near Him we must cherish the spirit of benevolence, and do good as we have opportunity. God is truth, and if we would be near Him, we must be truthful in all things. God is just, merciful, forgiving, and if we are unjust, unmerciful and unforgiving, we shall realize a sense of distance and estrangement from our Heavenly Father.

We may draw near to God in prayer, if our lives are in accord with the spirit of our prayer, but if our lives are at variance with our prayers—if we approach God with our lips, while our hearts are far off, we shall realize no sense of nearness therefrom—but a deep gulf shall yawn between us—a dense, impenetrable wall separate us.

### FRIENDS.

"Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?"

Truly who is there among us that has not lost a friend? Even those who are still in the freshness and bloom of youth. When we pause amid the bustle and confusion of life to think of them, can we count by dozens, perhaps by scores, those who once shared our joys and sorrows, who once had a dear place in our affections; but now, alas! they have gone out from our presence upon earth never again to revisit it. Others have taken up their abode in distant parts, and perhaps amid the toils and triumphs of life have ceased to spend more than a passing thought upon their early friends. But sadder far than either are those who have traveled the downward paths of vice and crime till we can scarcely recognize, in the poor debased creatures, with haggard, avicious countenances, the gentle and lovable beings with whom we once held sweet fellowship. Thus it appears that our friends are ever appearing and passing away; though we are creatures of but a day, we are constantly forming new ties, rejoicing in the love of new found hearts, and as frequently grieving over the ties of nature and affection that have been so ruthlessly sundered.

"There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not even an end."

So it would seem to our mortal gaze; but notwithstanding all the change we see around us, there is a friend, and (is it not a cheering thought?) who will go all along the journey of life with us; one who is declared to be above all others, "in whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning," who will never turn coldly away from us, but who will, if we only give Him the first place in our heart, cheer and bless our journey all along life's pathway, and then take us to the home prepared for us. M. A. Brown.

The great mistake men make is in the idea that they must be holy to become heirs. The truth is, they must become heirs in order to be holy. We do not serve in order to become sons, but we must become sons in order rightly to serve. It is those who believe on His name that have the power, the privilege, to become the sons of God.

## NOTES-FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., May 2, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Yesterday I entered this place, for the first time, the picturesque appearance of which pleases me very much. After tea I went out for a walk, and observed a large number of well-built residences.

Hopkinsville, named in honor of General Samuel Hopkins, in 1804, is a very fine city, with a population of about 8,000 inhabitants, containing a dozen elegant churches, one male and two female colleges, academies, and numerous large, well-built and handsomely furnished private residences.

In 1796 this county was formed, and named in honor of Colonel William Christian, an officer of great bravery, who was born near and educated at Staunton, Va., where I have passed about two-thirds of my life. He made this place his home after he had fought a number of hard-fought battles with the Indians in the western part of Virginia, which was then a wilderness.

This county contains several exceedingly interesting natural curiosities, among which is the Pilot Rock, a rare curiosity, situated near this place. The rock rests upon elevated ground, and is about two hundred feet in height. Its summit is level and covers about half an acre of ground. This rock attracts great attention, and is resorted to by large numbers of pleasure-tourists. Another curiosity is a natural bridge, about twenty miles from this place, somewhat like the Natural Bridge of Virginia, but not so wonderful. It crosses a deep ravine and is thirty feet high, with a span of sixty feet and a magnificent arch, presenting great attractions to the lovers of the picturesque in nature. To my great regret, my very brief stay will deprive me of the pleasure of visiting the interesting natural curiosities for which this county is noted, but I hope to do so at some other time. I shall have to go away early to-morrow morning.

Two days ago I passed within nine miles of the Mammoth Cave, and would have stopped off to visit it, but as the season had hardly begun, I thought I had better wait till some other time, though I had a great desire and almost an unconquerable curiosity to see its inside. I had to meet one of my appointments at Bowling Green.

After visiting the cave I will prepare a full description of it for the *JOURNAL*. There are about 223 avenues in the cave, the united length of the whole being about 150 miles. When I go in I will see every part, if my life is spared, that I may be able to give a minute description. I am told that hundreds of eyeless fish have been brought out of the cave, "put in spirits," and sold to visitors at from one to ten dollars, according to size. A well in Glasgow, near the cave, has been known to produce eyeless fish, similar to those found in the cave. Truly, Kentucky abounds in much more wonders than I had supposed. It is a fact, not generally known abroad nor in our own country, that Kentucky does not owe a red cent of State debt. This is strong evidence of good financial management on the part of her people and her executive authorities. State education is very fine, and so is the society.

After a very pleasant mission work of about three weeks, I shall be out of this noble State, and in that of Tennessee, to-morrow afternoon.

I have been reading of an eminent deaf and dumb painter, which is as follows: El Mudo was born at Logrono in 1526. When he was three years of age an attack of disease deprived him of his hearing, and consequently he never learned to talk. He belonged to what may be called the middle period of Spanish art, and was one of the most eminent of the masters in the school of Castile. He acquired the rudiments of the art in a monastery near his native place, and afterwards was sent to Italy. In Venice he worked in the house of Titian, for whom he had great admiration. After his return to Spain he was employed by Philip II. in the decoration of the Escorial. He bound himself by contract to execute thirty-two pictures for the Church of the Escorial, but he did not live to fulfil the agreement. America has produced several eminent artists, among whom are Carlin, of New York, Tuttle, of Geneva, Moore, of New York, and Charles W. Bear, of Virginia, as skilful an angler as Mr. Kent, and would have eclipsed others had his life been spared. He was found dead in bed. His wealthy father would have had him well instructed in that art at his own expense if he had lived. Charles succeeded in painting several full length portraits in oil, among which were those of his own father, General Lee and General Jackson. He had never learned the art under any master. His brother, Henry, now a teacher in the Virginia Institution, has a very fine talent for drawing pictures in water colors.

Yesterday morning, while I was walking out for exercise, a gentleman was riding on horseback and stopped his horse to speak to me. I asked him what he said, and he wrote: "I thought you were the Rev. Mr. Davidson, an old friend of mine. Pardon the mistake. T. W. Rust, President of Bethel Female College." He invited me to visit the college.

Last night the Rev. Mr. Morris and I held a combined service in Grace Church. After service we called on a venerable Episcopal minister, Dr. Gideon B. Perry. He has not preached for about six years; not only because he is stone deaf, but also on account of his failing health. The death of his son, aged 31, caused his deafness. He has been stone deaf 35 years. He was a very talented and popular clergyman.

His family talk to him by writing on paper. He can read without glasses though he is 79 years old. He is related to the celebrated Commodore Oliver H. Perry, who fought on Lake Erie, and also to Commodore M. C. Perry, who made the treaty with Japan. How much good he must have done while in active life. He built two Episcopal churches in Philadelphia and three in Cleveland, O. His son, Henry, is rector of the Church of All Saints in Chicago.

I am bound for Nashville to fulfil my appointment next Sunday. Sincerely yours, JOB TURNER.

## MURDER AND SUICIDE.

A Whitehall Man Shoots His Wife and then Kills Himself—A Vicious Life Ends in a Miserable Death.

[Sand Hill, N. Y., *Herald*, May 1, 1879.]

About eight o'clock p. m. Thursday last an alarm of fire was sounded in Whitehall. The fire bell was rung on the village building, and the department turned out. No fire was discovered, however, but the crowd gathered around the domicile of one Mary Kemp, on north William street, where the cries were first heard. Here a terrible tragedy had taken place. On the floor, with his feet toward the kitchen door, lay the dead body of Charles Sweet, and on a litter in the same room lay his wife, weltering in blood and quite unconscious. Beside the body of Sweet lay an ivory handled revolver, with all the chambers empty except one, which missed fire, the cap having failed to explode. The news spread rapidly that murder and suicide had been committed, and the immediate vicinity of the house was soon surrounded by a dense crowd. Chief Engineer Charles Chapin and officers Green, Lahue, Russell and Scott guarded the entrance, and permitted none to enter until the arrival of the coroner.

Dr. Toby was soon at the scene of the tragedy, and seeing that Mrs. Sweet still lived he turned his attention to her, when on examining her injuries it was discovered that one bullet entered her nose immediately below the left eye, passing downward and out under the right jaw bone, about two inches below the right ear. Another ball entered the right cheek about an inch in front of the ear; its course was also downward, but the probe failed to find the bullet.

Sweet was a deaf-mute, and had got a fair education under the instruction of the late Dr. Peet at the Bloomingdale institute. He was 36 years old, was a very powerful man and when under the influence of liquor was a hard man to get along with. For the past few years himself and wife have kept a house of questionable repute, which the authorities of the village allowed to exist. Mrs. Sweet, however, left him about a week ago, and took up her residence with Mary Kemp. The cause of their separation is not clearly shown, but it is said that she refused to continue in the wicked calling which she had been following. Another report, and one that is more possible, is that she left her husband in order to be more at liberty to receive the addresses of a certain corn doctor, who has been a great favorite with her. This report is strengthened by the fact that Sweet had been looking for the doctor for two or three days previous to his death.

On Thursday morning Sweet called at the Grand Union Hotel, and made inquiry (in writing) for the corn doctor, who was up stairs at the time. The clerk, seeing that Sweet was agitated, and fearing that there would be trouble, wrote in answer that the doctor had gone off in the cars. Sweet then left. The clerk went up stairs and told the doctor to leave as soon as possible, for if Sweet should see him he would murder him certain. The valiant doctor acted on the suggestion, and left on the first train. Sweet got word of his flight and started for the depot on a run, arriving there as the train had started. He then entered the drug store of P. H. Barry, and wanted to get poison "to kill his dog." Of course he did not get it.

It is said that himself and wife had come to a seemingly amicable settlement, and that she had agreed to return and live with him again, and on the evening in question they were together at Kemp's, to all appearances the best of friends. Sweet went into a bedroom where his wife had gone before him, and shut the door partly behind him. Mary Kemp says she "was in the kitchen when she heard the report of a pistol in the bedroom. She called to Mrs. S. to come out or he would kill her; Mrs. S. answered that she had hid away from him. Then there were two shots in rapid succession, and Mrs. Sweet rushed out into the kitchen and fell on the floor. The "dummy" came out of the bedroom with the revolver in his hand, when Mary Kemp ran to the door and screamed at the top of her voice (this caused the alarm of fire). Immediately she heard another shot, and remembering that her child was in the house she rushed in and found the deceased lying on the floor." The bullet entered the brain about an inch above and a little forward of the right ear. His death was instantaneous.

Coroner Doren empanelled a jury on Friday, composed of the following: Joseph Wilson, Mark Doherty, S. L. Dwight, S. Phoenix, S. H. McDams, C. W. Adams, J. C. Chapman.

—The single scull race at New Castle-on-Tyne between Hanlan and Haddon resulted in a victory for Hanlan. The course was three miles and three furlongs. Hanlan won, with the greatest ease, in 22 minutes and 5 seconds.

## BOSTON ATHLETIC NOTES.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—Permit me to write for your valuable paper a few athletic notes which may interest some of your readers. Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. W. Gerry, the Boston mute pedestrians, are no longer amateurs, but professional walkers. We express surprise and regret that they have become professional walkers, because we hoped to see some noted and important pedestrianism, which would have been shortly performed to their credit as well as to that of their deaf-mute brethren if they had continued their reputations as amateurs. They evidently considered well the question of becoming professionals, which they, at last, became for several reasons best known to themselves.

On the 25th of April last, Mr. Frisbee became a professional when he walked for money in Charlestown, which is his home. He won the five-mile walk, and the first money, five dollars, in 44 minutes and 10 seconds. The ten-mile walk was started as soon as the five-mile race was over, and Mr. Frisbee contested in that, while his competitors were fresh. He kept the lead till the last three laps of the tenth mile, when he gave out and let his next competitor, Thomas Moore, pass him and win the race, and the first purse, ten dollars, in 1 hour, 42 minutes and 12 seconds. Frisbee came in second in 1 hour, 43 minutes and 15 seconds and won the second purse, five dollars. He soon learned that Mr. Moore bragged of his ability to defeat him in the ten-mile walk, and he wrote, in the Boston papers, a challenge to Moore to walk him for \$25 or \$50 a side, which Moore respectfully declined.

On the 2d inst., another tournament took place in Charlestown, when Charles McCarthy won the ten-mile walk, and the first money, ten dollars, in 1 hour, 30 minutes and 27 seconds, and Mr. Frisbee came in second, by four laps, and took the second money, five dollars. Frisbee charged a foul against McCarthy for running, stepping on Frisbee's heels, etc. On the same evening the 24-hour go-as-you-please race was started at about 11 o'clock. There were three purses; first money, \$20, second \$12, third \$8. Mr. A. W. Gerry became professional when he walked in this race, where there were fifteen contestants. One by one they gave out and withdrew from the race, but Gerry pluckily kept on till in the afternoon of that day, when he saw that there were only three contestants left, and he the third in the race and rightly entitled to the third prize. Gerry withdrew when he had walked over 69 miles in 15 hours or more. The first and second contestants continued their tramps, but soon withdrew, when they had covered 88 and 81 miles respectively. Gerry took the third purse, \$8, and walked well in the long-distance race, which he never walked in before.

I shall give the following matches, in which Frisbee and Gerry, before becoming professionals, participated. On the 29th of March last, A. W. Gerry won the second Rowell medal by covering 1 mile in 8 minutes and 29 seconds, at Music Hall, Boston, where Rowell, the Astley belt champion, gave his exhibition of walking. On the 20th of March last Frisbee won the five-mile walk and the silver cup, in Melrose, by covering the distance in a little over 46 minutes. On the afternoon of the 3d ult. Frisbee contested in the five-mile walk in Lynn, where he won the race and the silver ice-pitcher. The time, I regret to say, I forgot. On the evening of the same day he walked in the ten-mile race, the first prize being a silver watch and the second a silver medal, but, being unwell, he withdrew, much to the gratification of his competitors, who dreaded to see him win the race. He was three laps ahead when he withdrew. On the 5th ult. Frisbee participated in the five-mile walk in Stoneham, carrying away the honor and the gold medal by covering the distance in 44 minutes.

On the 12th ult., Frisbee and Gerry were among the eight starters who contested in the ten-mile walk in Malden. They both kept a large audience in amazement by their fast and graceful walking. Frisbee won the race, and the gold medal, by covering the distance in 1 hour, 26 minutes and 50 seconds, which is one of the best amateur time records. Gerry came in second by covering the distance in 1 hour, 30 minutes and 31 seconds, and was entitled to the silver medal. Mr. W. H. Krause of Boston, coached Gerry on his tramp, and John Magee, of Boston, assisted him by telling him his score. Mr. Charles A. Douglas, of Melrose, coached Frisbee, and the writer had the humility of keeping him informed as to his score.

Mr. Frisbee recently had his picture photographed in full cabinet size. It presents a fine likeness, showing that he is in the act of walking, in his full pedestrian suit. He has the photographs for sale, and they are selling like hot cakes.

Mr. Charles A. Douglas, of Melrose, has gone to visit his old home in Colchester, Conn., where he is enjoying the recreation of angling, gunning, etc. He is to visit his many relations and mute friends in New London, Norwich, and other places before he returns home.

Last month Mr. Frisbee challenged Mr. E. E. Merrill, of Boston, the New England amateur ten-mile champion, for the silver belt, and the match was to take place this month; but Frisbee, being a professional, cannot compete for that belt. SPECTATOR.

—It is said, on doctors' authority, that there are 500 opium eaters in the city of Indianapolis, Ind., and that last year they made away with 900 pounds of that drug.

## PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Job Turner, deaf-mute missionary, acting under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold divine service for deaf-mutes and those interested in their welfare.

Sunday, May 4th, Nashville, Tenn. Wednesday, " 7th, Jackson, Tenn. Sunday, " 11th, Memphis, Tenn. Wednesday, " 14th, Little Rock, Ark. Sunday, " 18th, Austin, Texas. Wednesday, " 21st, Houston, Texas. Sunday, " 25th, Galveston, Texas. Friday, " 30th, Jackson, Miss. Sunday, June 1st, New Orleans, La. Wednesday, " 4th, Mobile, Ala. Sunday, " 8th, Montgomery, Ala. Tuesday, " 10th, Atlanta, Ga. Wednesday, " 11th, Macon, Ga. Sunday, " 15th, Savannah, Ga. Sunday, " 22d, Charleston, S. C. Wednesday, " 25th, Wilmington, N. C. Friday, " 27th, Goldboro, N. C. Sunday, " 29th, Petersburg, Va. Wednesday, July 2d, Annapolis, Md. Sunday, " 6th, Baltimore, Md. Monday, " 7th, York, Penn. Wednesday, " 9th, Wilmington, Del. Thursday, " 10th, Philadelphia, Pa. Sunday, " 13th, Boston, Mass.

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**Lily Cake.**—Two cups of sugar; one cup of butter; one cup of milk; one cup of corn starch; two cups of flour; the whites of five eggs beaten to a cream; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat starch and milk together.

**Boiled Bread Pudding.**—Crumb your stale bread in a pudding-pail, cover with sweet milk, and set by the stove to warm and soften. Then to every quart of the mixture add two well beaten eggs, a cup of sugar, and a handful of raisins, or sweet dried fruit of any kind. Do not have your fruit full, as it needs some room to rise. Put the cover on tightly, and set it in boiling water, and do not allow it to stop boiling until done.

**A Custard Apple Pudding.**—Pare and quarter six good sized apples; put them in a stew-pan, with the rind of half a lemon, two tablespoons of water, and four ounces of sugar; let them simmer, and stir continually till the whole is reduced to a jam; then pour into a bowl, take out the lemon-peel, and stir in three ounces of butter, a tablespoon of lemon juice, and when cool add the yolks of five eggs. Bake in a buttered mould for half an hour, turn it out, brush it over thickly with white of egg, cover thickly with fine-sifted sugar, and return to the oven five minutes, for the icing to harden. Serve hot or cold.

## CONDENSED NEWS.

—There were four suicides in Pittsburgh May 6th.

—In Russia the year has one hundred legal holidays.

—Ex-Assemblyman William Taylor has had a paralytic shock.

—William A. Murphy, of Philadelphia, a disappointed lover, suicided by shooting.

—John Dobbs, a notorious bank robber, was lately arrested at Philadelphia.

—Robert Barret, cotton mills owner, at Balton and Manchester, Eng., has failed for £80,000.

—The paper manufactory of Page & Coffin, at Durham, N. H., burned May 5th. Loss, \$50,000.

—Daniel Tracy, of Cleveland, N. Y., has been committed to the county jail for sixty days for assault and battery on his sister.

—Lake captains at Toronto refuse to pay more than twenty dollars a month to sailors, who are plenty there at twenty-five.

—Edward Parr, aged 60, of Philadelphia, stabbed his daughter, Susan Irwin, aged 30, fatally. She expired in a few minutes.

—Allen, the murderer of Watchman Shipway, of the Connecticut State Prison, has been sentenced to be hanged May 28th, 1880.

—Gray, who attempted to shoot Booth, at Chicago, pleaded guilty to assault with intent to kill, and was remanded for sentence.

—A great freshet occurred last week in the vicinity of Newcastle, N. B., submerging farms, carrying off logs, and inflicting heavy damages.

—At Cleveland, O., Mrs. Rose Klein, while frenzied with drink, cut her wrists and both arms, in the presence of her son, and bled to death.

—Egbert Cogswell, aged 50, of Hudson, N. Y., shot and instantly killed his wife, aged 45, and then cut his own throat, expiring almost immediately.

—A mysterious fire at North Adams, Mass., on the morning of May 5th, burned the interior of the Baptist church, including a large organ. Loss, \$5,000.

—There are said to be favorable symptoms of a pacific solution of the Afghanistan troubles, and it is thought that the war will soon brought to a termination.

—Bank Examiner Meigs, lately returned from Cuba, reports that the loss to the sugar crop by the destructive fires of last April will amount, in his estimation, to one hundred million dollars.

—Impressive memorial services were held May 5th, in the old Bromfield Street M. E. Church, Boston, in commemoration of the life and services of Bishop Ames, who received his ordination within the walls of that church. Bishop Haven delivered an eloquent tribute to the deceased bishop.

—As the congregation was leaving the Methodist church at Hempstead, Tex., Colonel Jared E. Kirby shot and killed John Steele, who, in a quarrel, fourteen years ago, killed Kirby's brother.

—Samuel Pavey and his son, of Leesburg, O., extensive dealers in live stock, were instantly killed by John Link, on the night of May 3d, who states that the Paveys attacked him with clubs, when he shot them.

—According to one of the St. Petersburg papers, the Russian Government will hereafter compel the proprietors of all factories to provide free hospitals and medical attendance for those of their employes who contract disease or suffer injuries in the factories.

—Dr. Rose, proprietor of a drug store at Palmyra, N. Y., invited Sylvester Gaudin to try a new kind of liquor with him. By mistake each drank two ounces of acetone. The result was that Rose was killed and Mr. Gaudin was said to be in a precarious condition.

—At the Grand Trunk Railroad freight sheds, May 5th, thirty packages of nitro-glycerine, shipped for use in Vanderbilt's Detroit River tunnel, exploded, destroying fifty cars, several houses, killing two and badly injuring others, and causing damages to the amount of \$250,000.

—One hundred and sixty-two authentic cases of living burial are put on record by the eminent French physician, Dr. Jossat. The period of unconsciousness before burial, in these cases, lasted from two hours to forty-two. The causes of apparent death were: Syncope, hysteria, apoplexy, narcotism, concussion of brain, anaesthesia, lightning, and drunkenness.

—London covers 7,000 square miles. There is one death every six minutes, and one birth every four. The growth of the population is at the rate of 75,000 a year, or 205 each day. The total length of streets in London is about 7,000 miles; there are built every year about 9,000 new houses, by which the length of the streets is increased by twenty-eight miles. In the jails there is an average of 75,000 prisoners. The foreign-born residents of London number about 100,000; but thirty-seven per cent. of the population were born out of the city.

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